The Churchman.

SATURDAY, DEC. 7, 1878.

MEN judge of Christianity by the lives of those who profess and call themselves Christians. If Christians are reserved and haughty and exclusive to those who are inferior to them in property or position, Christianity is held to be responsible for it, and those who are treated with disrespect come to hating Christianity.

SOME Methodists are disposed to be supercilious in their newspaper responses to the brotherly overtures which have lately been made to them. We are not sorry to see that this ill-mannered way of meeting the subject arises from an utter misconception of the position from which we addressed them. We are thinking of the cause of Christ, and not of our own particular communion, at all. It is a question in which *big* or *little*, *our* party or *your* party, are ideas which should have no place whatever. Besides we have no thought that the schism can be healed in a day; it would naturally take half a century to bring about such assimilations as would justify corporate reunion. In the meantime a habit of studying and considering one another, and of cultivating a fraternal interest in one another, would do much to restore a primitive state of things, from which our country and the whole world would derive the greatest benefits.

When we are asked, then, "what the Methodists would gain by it," the answer is: Neither their benefit nor ours, as such, is to be taken into the account. The cause of Christ, our country, and the world, would be the gainers; and *that* is the grand inspiring idea.

One of those "divisions" which Christ hates, and which inspiration pronounces a work of the devil, would be healed. In thousands of villages where one minister would answer for the entire population, two are now to be found, involving double expenses, double labors, and much rivalry, which weakens and often cancels the benefits that should flow from the work of each.

The restoration of unity would enable one of these ministers to go to a destitute village, and would set free large sums of money to build up the waste places of America in the faith of Jesus. Also a large amount of zeal now wasted on partisan rivalries would be enlisted in the work of evangelizing wicked men.

Multiply the good resulting from this unity in a single village by thousands, and you will see the blessed results for which we are praying, when we ask our Methodist brethren to reflect. Thank God, we happen to know that many Methodists are reflecting, and may God make us and them more and more anxious to be "repairers of the breach." Blessed are the peacemakers.

THE folly of the present day seems to be the confounding of means with ends. This is seen in many things, but nowhere so conspicuously as in religion. Things which are of this world have a certain gift of coming to grief when they are misconducted. Unseaworthy ships are wrecked. Banks which make rash loans collapse. Governments which violate the true laws of society are revolutionized. Even on the human body quackery is not without some likelihood of exposure. Much as people love to be deceived, there is a limit beyond which they will not be dragged.

But in religion it seems only necessary that a device should obtain a sufficient currency for the majority to trust to it without the slightest inquiry or care whether it accomplishes anything. For instance, it is said of a person that he reads his Bible daily. Nobody asks whether the reading be with any comprehension or to any purpose. Great pains are taken to make children attend punctually at the Sunday-school. Very few ask whether they learn anything there. Still fewer inquire whether what is learnt is the right thing. Not one in a thousand ever begins to consider whether the Sunday-school is the best place for teaching the right thing, or whether it may not have in itself defects which are inherent. The end for which Sunday-schools are established is not that they be flourishing and agreeable institutions, but that they shall be strictly auxiliary to the Church. Worship is not for grown people only. The child is to be taught not how to dispense with Church services, but how to enjoy and profit by them. For worship is an end. It may be a means, but it is also an end. It is a duty, whether the person who attends it conceives that it conduces to spiritual profit or not. It is as food which is naturally and normally to be taken, not as medicine which is given according to the disease of the patient. If then the Sunday-school is allowed to interfere with this prescript duty of worship, it is in the wrong place—it is made an end instead of a means. It then finds the reason of its existence in itself. Many parents say, "It is too much for our children to attend both; we send them to the Sunday-school, which is for them."

We do not find anywhere in the New or the Old Testament Scriptures any such division. There is not a sign of any provision or dispensation which requires children to have a different worship and teaching from their elders. The Lord did not say "Suffer the little children to come to My disciples, who will take care of them, but let the parents come to Me, for only of adults is the kingdom of heaven." What He did say is worthy of consideration in this very matter

We wish to say that we are not attacking Sunday-schools, only the misuse of them. But we do say, and we think the great body of Churchmen will go with us, that it is the duty of every one to see that this misuse is not allowed to come in, and that the Sunday-school ought never to be allowed to become an end, when it is simply a means.

THE ARGUMENT FROM CHAOS AND THE ARGUMENT FROM DEVELOPMENT.

If some Paley had been able to take a look at things in the remote geologic ages, he might have been an atheist. We may presume he would have found no watch to speculate upon, and nothing answering to a watch; no constitution or standing under law; no orderly processes of nature; no contrivances, adjustments, adaptations, etc., as "evidences of the existence and attributes of the Deity." If, without thinking to fathom the nature and mystery of his own being, he had only contemplated the formless, seething mass around him, he would have said to himself: "Verily there is nothing for me to write on here in the way of natural theology; no mechanism, plan, or purpose whatsoever. Plainly this is so much vile, superfluous stuff, which no intelligent being would tolerate for a moment, much less cause to exist. It is in every way crude, unnatural, purposeless, and ought to be got rid of as soon as possible." It would never so much as occur to him, probably, that this formless and apparently dead material might contain within itself all the conditions of order and animation

But this does occur to some Tyndale or Herbert Spencer, and over against this argument from chaos they write their argument from development. Now there is so much law that there is no need of any law-giver. Creation is a watch so perfectly constructed that it needs no maker to account for it. There is everywhere such contrivance and adaptation; there are such inherent selections, and tendencies, and self-regulating movements; so many conditions, and factors, and germs, and organisms, and functions, and sustaining, distributing, and regulating systems, that they, too, seem to find no "evidences of the existence and attributes of the Deity." They say in like manner: "Verily there is nothing for us to write on here in the way of natural theology; there is so much mechanism, shall we say without plan and purpose? Plainly this is so much self-sufficient, glorious

material, which needs no intelligent being to account for it, if, indeed, it would tolerate him for a moment. It is in every way refined or undergoing a process of refinement; every way endowed with life; every way natural, spontaneous, inevitable; every way so thoroughly qualified and equipped that it ought to be considered the sum total of the cosmos without any need of supplement."

Here, then, is a pretty state of things. There is no room for natural theology, on the one side, because there is so much lawlessness, and on the other because there is so much law. The primitive material, which was too bad for an intelligent Creator, comes to be, as it were, too good for Him. If there is a Deity, there are no evidences of His existence and attributes, because everything is so unworthy of Him, while in the other instance the supreme worthiness of everything renders Him superfluous.

What, then, is the real state of the case? That the parties on either hand jump too hastily at their conclusions. Why should there be no God because the primitive material is crude and chaotic? God is not required to give any account of it, least of all to give any account of Himself in connection with it. God is a spirit. But this is so much clay and dust, which may well go whirling through the abyss without leaving any traces of Him, and, least of all, without doing anything derogatory to His character. It is so much matter flung into space, not necessarily to teach anything concerning the power that flung it, least of all that it got into space of its own accord. At each successive moment it may change from liquids to solids, or to a combination of both, and go stirring about like so much cream in a churn, making it necessary to draw no inferences except that the probable end is—butter.

As to the other idea—that the process of development in creation is so natural and spontaneous as to need no supplement—this conclusion is as unwarrantable as the other. There is what they call arrested development, for instance, which they say may account for what we call the fall of man. What if some day the process should be arrested altogether, and take a turn backward? What if some factor should slip out of the operation, or some germ cease to sprout, or some function refuse to act, or the whole process of evolution refuse to proceed? What if the mechanism of nature should get blocked, and, unless rectified and started in some way, be torn to fragments?

Now, it is not so much the perfection of nature that is an evidence against the Deity, if the evolutionist will have it so, as its imperfection is for Him. It is not creation so gloriously evolving as to make God superfluous, but creation so groaning and travailing in pain that there is nothing but despair unless He comes to the rescue. It is the mechanism of nature out of repair, the watch stopping or irregular, and needing to be rectified if things are to go on. It is the bad tendency of things as well as the good; the struggle of life with death, of order with chaos, which throws us back on God, and extorts the cry, sometimes the unwilling cry, of help. Of course the transition from a material world under any condition of perfection or imperfection to the existence and attributes of a spiritual being must ever be abrupt and unsatisfactory. But the confusion of the world, as well as the order, must ever carry us beyond it to find our refuge in Him who will give us a world of order without confusion.

TENEMENT HOUSES AND LANDLORDS.

It is well known that tenement-house property is often the best paying of any houses in the city. But there is said to be a general disposition throughout the city to conceal the names of the real landlords. Why this is so it is plain to see. They wish to receive the largest possible income, with a minimum outlay in the way of improvements. Being a large and wealthy class, they do not care to have it known that their houses are occupied by dozens or scores of families who often herd like cattle, and who contract all manner of vices and diseases from promiscuous living and filthy surroundings. It might weaken their political influence and damage their respectability to have it known that they are interested in the occupation and use of property which is a disgrace to the city and a disgrace to civilization. Consequently, most of the houses which shelter the 500,000 persons in New York are in the hands of agents or receivers. If a notice is served on the agents on account of the over-crowding of their tenements, the property changes hands, or is passed from one agent to another. The real owner, whose house may be occupied by a hundred, and in a given case by fifteen hundred souls, is darkly concealed. He is receiving rent from, say, forty-eight families in a single house, but *stat nominis umbra.* What does he care for dark and unventilated rooms and zymotic diseases, so long as the law cannot touch him, or only the law's delay? "Ninety per cent. of the children born in these dens die before reaching youth." What then? The landlord is getting big interest on his investment; he lives in comfort, and is beyond the reach of lawyers; he keeps a carriage, and can take an airing in the park. "Probably seventy-five per cent. of the maladies of the city arise from the tenement houses." Well, what of it? The landlord lives in a healthy quarter in winter, and spends his summers in the country. If these maladies should happen to pass over into choice localities he has an ample income in the way of rentals, and can easily fly or call the best physicians. Population may be packed at the rate of 290,000 inhabitants to the square mile in the Fourth Ward, but there is abundant room in his ward. The houses are spacious, the rooms airy and healthful for wife and children. But "every floor of the gloomy stories in one of these dens is stained with murder, and vice skulks and riots from year to year; drunkenness is universal; domestic harmony is rare; weary and querulous wives, hungry and cross husbands, wild and ungoverned children, will inevitably jar and exasperate each other; few girls can grow up to virtue in such dens; few boys can have such homes and not become thieves and vagabonds; hope and ambition are destroyed; the capacity of enjoyment is limited, and the only solace is strong drink." Yes, but business is business. Are landlords to turn moralists and sentimentalists? Landlords, like other people, have large expenses, and must realize on their property. What could they expect in the way of interest on their investments if they were to require everybody to bring a certificate of good moral character? Landlords have houses to rent and people wish to occupy them. If they dislike the premises, let them go elsewhere. If they like them, all they have to do is promptly to pay the rent. Landlords cannot trouble themselves about the moral law and the humanities. All that is up in the air, is the concern of theorists. But landlords are practical, *must* be practical, and can only do business on a paying basis.

It is some such selfish reasoning as this which makes the tenement-house system of New York to be, on the whole, the worst perhaps in any civilized country. And taking into account that 500,000 people live in this way, what wonder that the system becomes a monstrous condition of vice and crime? Thanks to Christian philanthropy, something has been done to improve this wretched system, while, with little thanks to landlords, more may be expected in the future.

WOMAN'S AUXILIARY TO THE BOARD OF MISSIONS.

During the year just past—from September 1st, 1877, to September 1st, 1878—the Secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions has attended 46 Branch Meetings and 1 General Meeting of the Auxiliary. Of the Branch Meetings, 7 were in behalf of Domestic Missions, 1 for Missions to the Colored People, 10 for Indian Missions, 14 for Foreign Missions, and 15 for all departments of our Mission work. They were held in the Dioceses of Connecticut, Long Island, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, Northern New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Vermont; the General Meeting was in B ston, during the session of the General Convention.

This meeting, at which representatives of thirty different Dioceses and Missionary Jurisdictions were assembled, seems to have struck the key-note for a year of increased earnestness and activity. To it we can trace the impulse which led to the formation of the Rhode Island Branch of the Auxiliary, which includes the Indian Aid Association, formerly its only Diocesan Branch, and which embraces within its limits every parish in the Diocese save two. From that time also the reorganization of the work in Massachusetts came under careful and constant consideration, which has resulted in a Diocesan Branch organized in aid of all the Missionary departments; while among many of the parish societies and the larger associations the remembrance of that day of cheer and counsel has been a help and encouragement throughout the year.

ASSOCIATIONS.

Besides the associations already mentioned, a Diocesan Branch has been formed in the Diocese of Vermont, the Bishop laying the matter before his convention, and himself planning the form of organization and authorizing the officers elected.

On Staten Island, through the untiring patience and energy of the President of the Committee on Work for Foreign Missionaries in the Diocese of New York, a sub-committee has been formed, with delegates from five of the churches upon that Island, who hold their own united meetings and arrange for Missionary gatherings and regular offerings for Foreign Missions under their own efficient officers.

The Diocesan Branches of the Auxiliary now present considerable diversity in mode of organization. In Central New York, Ohio, Southern Ohio, Western Michigan, and Wisconsin, each, there is a lady appointed by her Bishop to be Diocesan Secretary, and to carry on the work alone. In New York and Pennsylvania there are committees for the different departments (in New York the work for Domestic Missionaries and for the Freedmen being combined), these committees working quite independently of each other. In Long Island there are president, secretary, and treasurer for all departments, as in Maryland for Foreign and Indian Missions. In New Jersey, Northern New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island there is a president, with vice-presidents for the different departments; while in Vermont the number of vice-presidents is ten or twelve, who shall, by their interest and activity, keep the work before the women of all parts of the Diocese.

It has been found by trial, so far, that the success of the work does not so largely depend upon the special mode of organization as upon the efficiency and energy of the officers; and the secretary would place on record her grateful thanks to those who have aided her so invaluably in the past, devoting time, talents, and earnest endeavor to a work which owes to them in great part its present measure of success. With patience and decision they have kept before the parish societies in their charge the special objects first presented to them—the supply of Missionary boxes, the support of scholarships, the sustaining of the Foreign Missionaries' Fund, by which the lives of our married Foreign Missionaries are insured, the support of some of the female Missionaries in the Indian and the Foreign fields.

THE WORK.

During the year 100 scholarships have been supported in the different Mission schools. From the Foreign Missionaries' Fund interest to the amount of $73.19 has been received, showing that the Auxiliary has fully met its obligations in this regard, and many of its societies have identified themselves more closely with this object by taking upon themselves the insurance of particular Missionaries.

Besides remembering and meeting these old calls upon its care and offerings, the Auxiliary has, either as a whole, or in some of its members, interested itself in new objects of work.

In the Domestic field, as a direct result of the October meeting, it has supplied the $400 necessary to the support of a lady working under Bishop Spalding, and the $200 to pay the travelling expenses and year's support of a lady under Bishop Clarkson; it also has in hand nearly $200 for a lady to aid Bishop Morris when the right person shall be found.

In the Indian department it has raised, chiefly through the efforts and offerings of the Niobrara League of New York, the sum necessary for the completion of the electrotype plates of the Dakota Prayer Book, the first edition of which has been supplied free of cost through the kindness of the Bible and Common Prayer Book Society. Through one of the parish branches of this league over $600 has been given for a Memorial Chapel at Flandreau, and by an individual member $500 for the first year's support of a catechetical school at Santee.

In the Freedman department the Pennsylvania and New York Branches have taken a special interest in the school at Raleigh, N. C.; and four scholarships have been furnished there, at $100 each, by which a year's training is guaranteed to four young men, who may in time, should these gifts be annually bestowed, be fitted there for the Holy Ministry, and go out thence to minister to their own people.

And with the hope of a like result the fund for the endowment of a scholarship in the Missionary College, China, has been begun. Two such scholarships are already pledged in the Diocese of New York—one by an individual member of the Auxiliary, the other by the Diocesan Committee on Work for Foreign Missionaries. $1,000 of the former has been given; of the latter, $879.22 (of which over $200 was raised last year). A third such scholarship the Massachusetts Branch of the Auxiliary hopes to found, and has already made a small beginning, trusting for a rapid increase with the new year. The scholarship to be founded by the Auxiliary as a whole has to this time received contributions from the Dioceses of Connecticut, Long Island, New Jersey, Northern New Jersey, Maryland, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Southern Ohio and Virginia, to the amount of $653.52.

In the endowment of these scholarships the Auxiliary takes the very deepest interest, feeling them to be a lasting memorial to Bishop and Mrs. Schereschewsky's Mission work among us, and hoping they may be the means to an eternal good.

The African field also has received especial help, one new worker having been sent thither, his outfit, travelling expenses, and support for a term of years assured from pledges gained by a young member of a parish branch of the Auxiliary.

SUMMARY OF WORK ACCOMPLISHED.

In reviewing this work, old work repeated and new work begun, the statement for the year shows 770 boxes sent to the various Mission stations, valued at $65,083.78, and $32,843.50 offered in money for the different Missionary departments, a gain over the preceding year of 131 boxes, with $8,186.48 increase in value, and in money an advance of $6,417.11; or in both boxes and money a gain of $14,603.59 over the last report.

OTHER ASSOCIATIONS.

This record of woman's work in the Church will not, however, be complete without reference to associations which, though not calling themselves members of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions, still clasp hands with it in like deeds of love. The Hartford Bureau of Relief has sustained six daughters of the Clergy during the past school year. The Diocesan Auxiliary of Florida has increased its parish branches to the number of thirteen, which have given $1,245.49 in aid of the Missions of that Diocese. The Mexican League has made its way into fifteen different Dioceses, and across the borders of this country into the neighboring Diocese of Huron, and has raised $17,748.60 within the past twelve months in aid of the Reformed Mexican Church and for repairs on the Church of St. Francis. Nor has the Auxiliary forgotten that with one of its members originated the Missionary Mite Fund, which brings regular offerings to the Missionary treasury, amounting this year to $1,284.08. This money it does not claim, nor does it report the many offerings sent direct to the field, nor the many made by its branches for Diocesan Missions, which, were they all taken into account, would swell largely the total of the money column.

But though this full statement of woman's work it does not and cannot record, it would gladly call all women doing that work its members, all women indeed who give to the Missions of the Church—at home or abroad—one or all of those much needed gifts, the offerings of sympathy and money, of prayer and personal service.

That the Auxiliary is strengthened by an increase of organized bands of helpers, those who have traced its workings from their beginning do not doubt. They have but to look at the columns in the tabular statement and, comparing them with those of former years, read in the long lines of giving parishes the growth of the work and the interest of the workers. In coming years they look with confidence to see a still larger growth. They know to two or three united hearts in prayer their LORD promises a sure response; they claim that He will give as sure a blessing to hands united in His work.

Respectfully submitted,

JULIA C. EMERY, *Secretary.*

21 *Bible House, New York.*

September 1st, 1878.

*THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.**

No historian of this age or of any other equals M. Taine in the ability to make history living. His philosophical power, combined with a strong imagination and with a surprising industry in collecting little facts which mean a great deal, place him above almost every other writer of modern times. He unites qualities that are seldom found in the same author. He has a keen dramatic instinct, which tells him how to arrange facts so as to make them most effective. He groups details, which under other hands would have little or no significance, into a picture that thrills us with its power. From the confused babble of a million tongues he discerns and selects the key-note of all that tumultuous cry. A single sentence caught from the lips of a street orator, a quotation gathered from the police report in the archives of some provincial town, becomes, in his wonderful history, a most telling argument from example.

On the other hand, M. Taine has in an eminent degree the faculty of abstraction. With all his mastery of details, he never loses sight of general principles. He is equally at home in picturing a Paris street mob and in discussing the constitution; in short, he is, as an historian, an intellectual prodigy.

He has given us an account of the French Revolution which no one else could have written. It is full of spirit. The seething, chaotic age lies under our very eyes. We hear the sound of its many waters, and we seem to stand in the very midst of whatsoever scene he describes.

Those who read "The Ancient Régime," of which this is a sort of continuation, and appreciated the skill with which the same author delineated the artificial formalism of that period, will be surprised to find that, in portraying the natural and wild anarchy of the revolutionary period, he is even more successful. The contrast between the two eras is the greatest possible, yet Taine is perfectly at home in both. In either one he shows himself the thorough master.

There is another feature of this history which is worthy of mention. Taine sinks his own individuality in his subject. It is not the man, but the age itself, that talks. His style is, indeed, peculiar. His method is one not copied, and one which nobody could successfully imitate. But beyond this, and as far as the matter of history is concerned, his individuality is lost. It is this which separates him from all contemporary historians. Carlyle and Froude, and the whole body of the profession, give us each his own impressions and opinions; but Taine gives us the age itself; and so in reading his work we seem to be listening to the movement of a great drama. His history is the most natural ever written, and at the same time it marks the perfection of art.

This first volume of his great work is divided into three parts. The first is entitled—a most happy choice of terms—"Spontaneous Anarchy." It opens with a picture of dissolution. The artificial structure of human society was giving way. Things were returning to a state of nature. The two causes of this universal upheaval were dearth of food, resulting from a failure of crops and monopoly in trade; and secondly, hopefulness for a better state of things. Mute discontent is converted into political passions. Nor does Taine overlook the influence of the socialistic theories which, starting from philosophical leaders, have permeated every class of the French nation.

Clearly a new leaven has been infused among the ignorant and brutal masses, and the new ideas are producing their effect. They have been insensibly filtering for a long time from layer to layer, and after having gained over the aristocracy, the whole of the lettered portion of the third estate, the lawyers, the schools, all the young, they have insinuated themselves drop by drop and by a thousand fissures into the class which supports itself by the labor of its own hands. Noblemen, at their toilets, have scoffed at Christianity and affirmed the rights of man before their valets, hairdressers, purveyors, and all those that are in attendance upon them. Men of letters, lawyers, and attorneys have repeated, in their bitterest tone, the same diatribes and the same theories in the coffee-houses and in the restaurants, on the promenades, and in all public places. They have spoken out before the lower class as if it were not present, and from all this eloquence, poured out without precaution, some bubbles besprinkle the brain of the artisan, the publican, the messenger, the shopkeeper, and the soldier.

Thus the revolution at its beginning was "the movement of a brute nature exasperated by want and maddened by suspicion."

One peculiar feature of the author's style is the way in which he groups facts. An ordinary writer would have devoted a chapter (it may be) to the part which the pamphleteers played in bringing on the revolution. We should have been favored with long extracts showing the temper and demands of the mob element. Taine condenses the whole subject into less than twenty lines. But he tells all that the reader needs, reserving the strongest point till the last, and approaching it gradually.

Every hour produces its pamphlet; thirteen came out to-day, sixteen yesterday, and ninety-two last week. Nineteen-twentieths of these productions are in favor of liberty; and by liberty is meant the extinction of privileges, numerical sovereignty, the application of the *contrat-social*, "the Republic," and more besides, a universal levelling, permanent anarchy, and even the *jacquerie*. Camille Desmoulins, one of the orators commonly there, announces it and urges it in precise terms: "Now that the animal is entrapped, let him be knocked on the head. . . . Never will the victors have a richer prey. *Forty thousand palaces, mansions, and chateaux, two-fifths of the property of France, will be the recompense of valor.* Those who pretend to be the conquerors will be conquered in turn. The nation shall be *purged*."

In the following short extract we have a pretty fair example of the way in which Taine gathers up the little things, the secondary causes, which, though generally overlooked by historians, have great weight with the people. He shows just how the populace are accustomed to reason, presents the gossip from which they draw their inductions. The real life of the nation is fed by these crumbs. Socialistic theories, stated in abstract terms, would have little power over the masses. But passing incidents, like those enumerated here, often determine the country's future. They establish a connection between theory and fact, and so produce the spark that explodes the mine.

The artisan who is out of work now earns twelve sous a day at the relief works, and, on going into the country, he sees that the grain crop is good. What conclusions can he come to but that the dearth is due to the monopolists; and that, if he should die of hunger, it would be because those scoundrels have starved him? By virtue of this reasoning, whoever has to do with these provisions—whether proprietor, farmer, merchant, or administrator—all are considered traitors. It is plain that there is a plot against the people; the government, the queen, the clergy, the nobles are all parties to it, and, likewise, the magistrates, and the wealthy among the *bourgeoisie* and the rich. A rumor is current in the Isle de France that sacks of flour are thrown into the Seine, and that the cavalry horses are purposely made to eat grain in the stalk. In Brittany, it is maintained that grain is exported and stored up abroad. In Touraine, it is certain that this or that wholesale dealer allows it to sprout in his granaries rather than sell it. At Troyes a story prevails that another has poisoned his flour with alum and arsenic, commissioned to do so by the bakers. Conceive the effect of suspicions like these upon a suffering multitude! A wave of hatred ascends from the empty stomach to the morbid brain. The people are everywhere in quest of their imaginary enemies, plunging forward with closed eyes no matter on whom or on what, not merely with all the weight of their mass, but with all the energy of their fury.

The second book describes the Assembly and its work. It is a piece of most masterly historical analysis. The weakness of that body and the causes of it, its attempts to rule by concession, in short, the whole inner life of the nation, lie revealed before us. We see that, in everything relating to political institutions and social organization, it was a gathering of Utopians. "It deliberately refused to consider man as he really was, and persisted in seeing nothing in him but the abstract being created in books." It was the attempted embodiment of the principles of Rousseau.

The third part of the work goes on to relate "the application of the constitution." This brings us to the very heart of the subject—the culmination of the tragedy, which has been constantly deepening in interest. Here the peculiar power of the author as the dramatic historian has its most favorable field. Nothing that we have ever read surpasses this "third act." Every sentence is replete with meaning. Each word is in its best place. And the impression left upon the reader's mind is simply indescribable.

We quote the closing passage of the volume. It stands as a sort of prologue. And it sums up the history not merely of the French Revolution, but also of the nation. It is certainly a picture—we might truly say a poem—of profound meaning.

There is a certain strange malady commonly encountered in the quarters of the poor. A workman overtaxed with work, in misery and badly fed, takes to drink; he drinks more and more every day, and liquors of the strongest kind. After a few years his nervous system, already weakened by spare diet, becomes overexcited and out of balance. An hour comes when the brain, under a sudden stroke, ceases to direct the machine; in vain does it command, for it is no longer obeyed; each limb, each joint, each muscle, acting separately and for itself, starts convulsively through discordant impulses. Meanwhile the man is gay; he thinks himself a millionnaire, a king, loved and admired by everybody; he is not aware of the mischief he is doing to himself, he does not comprehend the advice given him, he refuses the remedies offered to him, he sings and snouts for entire days, and, above all, drinks more than ever. At last his face grows dark and his eyes become bloodshot. Radiant visions give way to black and monstrous phantoms; he sees nothing around him but menacing figures, traitors in ambush, ready to fall upon him unawares, murderers with upraised arms ready to cut his throat, executioners preparing torments for him, and he seems to be wading in a pool of blood. Then he makes a spring, and, in order that he himself may not be killed, he kills. No one is more to be dreaded, for his delirium sustains him, his strength is prodigious, his movements unforeseen, and he

*THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, D.C.L., Oxon. Author of "A History of English Literature," "Notes on England," etc. Translated by John Durand. Vol. I. [New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1878.] 12mo, cloth, pp. 356. Price $2 50.

endures, without heeding them, suffering and wounds under which a healthy man would succumb. So France, exhausted by fasting under the monarchy, made drunk by the bad drug of the *social contrat*, and countless other adulterated or fiery beverages, is suddenly struck with paralysis of the brain; at once she is convulsed in every limb through the incoherent play and contradictory twitchings of her discordant organs. At this time she has traversed the period of joyous madness, and is about to enter upon the period of sombre delirium; behold her capable of daring, suffering, and doing all; capable of incredible exploits and abominable barbarities, the moment her guides, as erratic as herself, indicate an enemy or an obstacle to her fury.

ENGLAND.

DR. PUSEY.—For the second time Dr. Pusey has been unable to fulfil an appointment to preach in St. Mary's, Oxford. His sermon was read by the Rev. F. Paget. The *Guardian* states that Dr. Pusey is in very fair health, but was recommended not to run the risk which the exertion of preaching and the cold, damp weather would certainly occasion to him.

THE NEW BELLS AT ST. PAUL'S.—All Saints' day was chosen for the dedication of the new bells at St. Paul's cathedral, London. About nine thousand persons were present at the evensong. After service the choir, the clergy, Canon Gregory, Bishop Claughton (the dean), and the Bishop of London, accompanied by his domestic chaplain, proceeded to the belfry, where the service of dedication took place. The choir sang the 130th, 67th, 29th, and 150th Psalms, after which the bishop offered the following prayers:

"O everlasting God, whom no man hath seen at any time, although Thou dost speak to the souls of men through the things that Thou hast made, receive, we beseech Thee, these bells which are offered by Thy people for the service of Thy holy Church, and bless them to the spiritual well-being of Thy servants, that they may remind us of Thy presence in life and in death. Do Thou mercifully visit our souls with solemn and holy thoughts; sanctify our trials and sorrows; brighten and chasten our joys; so that amid the changes of this mortal life we may in heart and mind ever dwell with Thee, and may at the last enter into Thy eternal rest, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who with Thee and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

"O Lord, who by Thy servant Moses didst order that silver trumpets should be sounded at the time of sacrifice, to the end that Thy people Israel might be drawn to worship Thee, grant, we beseech Thee, that we, who have been redeemed by the blood of Thy only-begotten Son, may joyfully obey the call to meet together in Thy holy church, to render thanks for the great benefits which we have received at Thy hands, to set forth Thy most worthy praise, to hear Thy most holy Word, and to ask those things which are requisite and necessary, as well for the body as for the soul. Grant this, O Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, Thy son, our Lord. *Amen.*

"Grant, O Lord, that all they who with their outward ears shall hear the sound of these bells may be moved inwardly in their spirits, and draw nigh unto Thee, the God of their salvation, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

"Grant, O Lord, that whosoever, by reason of sickness or any other necessity, shall be hindered from coming into the house of the Lord, may, when he hears these bells, in heart and mind ascend to Thee, and find with Thee peace and comfort, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

"Grant, O Lord, that all they who minister to Thy service in sounding these bells may be filled with all reverence and godly fear, and may be mindful ever of the sacredness of Thy house, putting away all idle thoughts and light behavior, and continuing in holiness of life, so that they may stand with those who praise Thee evermore in the heavenly Jerusalem, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*"

Then was sung the Hymn No. 303 ("Hymns Ancient and Modern"), "When morning gilds the skies." After which the bishop said the collect for St. Paul's day and pronounced the blessing. Then a pause ensued, and as the choirboys turned to leave the belfry, the bishop said in a loud voice, "Go!" Then the bells rang out.

The London *Times*, having in an editorial commented unfavorably upon the ceremony of the first using of the new chime of bells, the Bishop of London addressed the following letter to the editor of that paper:

"Sir: The service at which I was present in the belfry of St. Paul's, on Friday, and to which you have alluded in a tone half of banter, half of blame, has been called, and I suppose will be called, 'the blessing of the bells.' The bells, however, themselves were not blessed. The prayers used, which appeared to me, and I think were felt by all who heard them, appropriate and touching, asked that these bells might *in their use* be blessed to the spiritual well-being of God's servants, reminding them of His presence in life and death, suggesting solemn and holy thoughts, calling effectually to the services of the Church, and bearing to those detained at home by sickness or necessity reminiscences of the peace and comfort of the sanctuary. Who shall say that such hints as these, as from above, may not be helpful from time to time to many of the busy and anxious crowd which is perpetually hurrying round the cathedral of our great city? The service itself was of the same character with those in common use at the laying of the first stone of churches, schools, and mission-rooms, and, indeed, at the consecration of churches and churchyards; and with that familiar 'grace before meals which most of us have heard repeatedly from our youth, and which I trust to hear at times as long as I live—'Bless, O Lord, these Thy gifts to our use, and us to Thy service.' In all these cases the blessing asked is not on the material objects, but on the persons for whose use or advantage they are provided. If such prayers are superstitious, I gladly plead guilty to superstition."

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH ON THE EASTWARD POSITION.—In concluding a recent visitation at St. Margaret's, Leicester, the Bishop of Peterborough remarked that in the Communion Service he adopted the eastward position in the prayer of consecration; whereas, on the previous day, at St. Martin's, he stood at the north side of the table. He did that to conform to the usage of each church, and expressed his intention of continuing to do so, in order to secure unity, recent decisions declaring both positions equally legal. He also did it because he did not attach any doctrinal importance to either position, and he regretted that such importance had been given to it in their ritual controversies.

IRELAND.

A GIFT FROM AMERICA.—In our issue of November 9th a report was given under this head of the consecration of St. Mary's cathedral, Tuam, Ireland. Mention was made that "the pulpit and bishop's throne, which are personal gifts, are handsomely carved in marble." It is of interest to know that the Church of America had some connection with this Irish cathedral, inasmuch as the above gifts, with the entire furniture of the chancel, were the offerings of the Rev. Dr. Campbell Fair, of Baltimore, and his sister, in memory of their father and to the glory of God.

THE ROOD SCREEN AGAIN.—At the Dublin Diocesan Synod, on the 31st of October, Canon Marrable moved a resolution that the rood screen in Christ Church cathedral was objectionable, and that the synod request its removal. The assessor decided that the synod had no function to remove it. The canon then gave notice of a motion, which he presented on the following day, expressing the hope of the synod that the objectionable reredos, may be removed by the proper authorities. He also proposed a like motion with regard to the east window, on which was a picture of our Saviour. After a warm debate, in which Dr. Joly stated that "while the screen and emblems remained in the cathedral he could not join in the communion service," the motions were lost.

GERMANY.

THE MISSIONARY SERVICES AT BADEN-BADEN.—A correspondent of the *Guardian* writes: At the conclusion of the recent missionary services at Baden Baden the Bishop of Saskatchewan was accorded the honor of a private audience of her Majesty the Empress of Germany, who graciously presented to the bishop, through her chamberlain, a special donation for the Diocesan Training College for Native Helpers. There were night services at the English church at Dresden on All Saints' eve, the next day, the festival of the dedication of the church, and on the following Sunday. The church, as usual, was beautifully decorated with flowers. The words, "But they are in peace" (in moss upon the west wall), surmounted, on either side of the memorial brass, by a cross, and in the centre by a crown, formed the subject of the sermon by the chaplain at Evensong on Friday. There were 119 communicants at the celebration on the two days of the festival. The chaplain was assisted by the Rev. Henry Skrimshire, late of the Truro diocese, whom the Lord Bishop of London has consented to license as Mr. Gilderdale's curate. The celebrant at 11 A. M. on All Saints' day was the Rev. J. Cotton, *locum tenens* of the American chaplain at Dresden—the Rev. Dr. Tustin—now in the East.

CANADA.

HALIFAX—*Canada's New Governor.*—The "Sarmatian," conveying the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, anchored in Halifax harbor on Saturday, November 23d. The royal party landed on Monday at 1 P. M., amidst such display and tokens of rejoicing as were never before witnessed in the Dominion. The oath of office was taken at the assembly chamber, where the marquis also received and responded to an address from the mayor and corporation. We cannot forbear quoting in this connection the remarks of the *English Churchman* on the departure of the marquis and his wife from England:

The good wishes of every Englishman, to say nothing of the people of North Britain, who have an equal claim to share in the expression of kindly feeling, will follow the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, who to-day leave Liverpool for Canada. The task on which the young governor-general is about to enter will be lightened by the presence and influence of the queen's daughter; but it is, nevertheless, a post so laden with responsibility, that an experienced statesman might well shrink from it, and therefore the success will be the greater if at the end of six years the marquis returns with the same fame which his predecessor has so unmistakably and so deservedly acquired. The marquis has been born and bred among the traditions of a family accustomed to receive in their northern home almost the same homage which is everywhere offered to the royal family, and yet he is the inheritor of a very distinct form of liberalism; so that his training may be said to have been peculiarly fitted to qualify him for the varied duties of his new office, while his experience of the English House of Commons will have given him an insight into the management of a representative assembly. On religious questions the marquis will probably follow the same wise rule on which Lord Dufferin acted, of never interfering, except in cases where, as in his rebuke to the stimulation of party spirit by the formation of Orange societies, the earl did a public service to the colony just before leaving it. In his general relations to the colonists the marquis will find in the princess a powerful source of influence; and the tact and gentleness which have made her royal highness so popular in England will not, we may be sure, desert her in her new home.

The royal party proceeded to Montreal, greeted all the way by enthusiastic demonstrations. On Sunday, December 1st, they attended service, in the morning, in Christ church cathedral. The bishop-elect, Dean Bond, preached a plain, practical discourse, with no reference whatever to the royal party before him. In the afternoon the marquis, with the princess, attended St. Andrew's, the Scotch Presbyterian house of worship.

ONTARIO—*Clerical Union.*—The Ottawa Clerical Union met in St. John's church, Carleton place, on Tuesday evening, November 19th. Ten clergymen were present. After the singing of the Litany addresses were delivered by the Rev. S. Tighe, on "Absolution"; the Rev. H. Pollard, on "Church Life in England"; the Rev. C. P. Emery, on "Baptismal Regeneration the Foundation of the Catholic Revival"; the Rev. K. L. Jones, on "Foreign Missionary Effort

Reacting on Church Life at Home"; the Rev. A. C. Nesbett, on "Church Doctrine the Truth Spoken by the Authorized Ministry." The addresses were short, spirited, and pointed, and were listened to with manifest attention by a large and intelligent congregation. On Wednesday morning there was a celebration of the Holy Communion, after which the union held its first session, discussing, with much animation, the "Preparation for Confirmation," on which subject much useful information was elicited The afternoon was occupied by a debate on a paper on "Archdeacons," by the Rev. C. P. Emery. In the evening addresses were delivered by the Rev. S. McMorine, on "The Faith: Where it is to be Found"; the Rev. F. Codd, on "The Ritual of the Tabernacle a Shadow of the Christian Church"; the Rev. M. Cruden, on "The Influence of the Church on Practical Life"; the Rev. A. Cooke, on "Loyalty to the Baptismal Covenant"; and the venerable Archdeacon Lauder, on "The Growth of Church Doctrine." The next meeting is to be held in February, in the city of Ottawa.

NIAGARA—*Hamilton.*—The lord bishop returned from England on the 21st of November. He was met at the station by a large number of the clergy and laity. At the cathedral thanksgiving was offered for his safe return, and an address of welcome was made, to which his lordship appropriately responded.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

NASHUA—*Consecration of a Church.*—On the morning of Thursday, November 21st, the bishop of the diocese consecrated the church of the Good Shepherd to the worship of Almighty God. There were present of the clergy, beside the bishop, the Bishop of Connecticut, the Rev. Jacob Le Roy, rector of the church, and twenty-one other clergymen of this and neighboring dioceses. The sermon was delivered by the Bishop of Connecticut, from Joshua iv. 7 and 24, who paid a feeling tribute to the memory of the daughter of Mrs. Lucia A. Rand, in whose memory the church has been erected.

The newly-consecrated church is a gift to the parish from Mrs. Rand, of Middletown, Conn., and has cost, with the lot in which it stands, $20,000. It is Gothic, and built of granite in rough ashlar, with brick and cut stone trimmings, and with a tower surmounted by a cross. The windows are of rolled cathedral glass. The building is 84 by 38 1-2 feet nave, with a basement under the whole. The chancel, at the east end, is 20 by 20 1-2 feet; at the left is a vestry, or robing-room, 14 by 17; on the right an organ-room, 11 by 12 feet.

The chancel windows are memorials of Sarah S. Rand, and the font is also a memorial gift from a niece of the donor of the church. The church will seat about 450 persons.

VERMONT.

WEST TOWNSHEND.—The Rev. T. A. Hyland, of Oregon, held services at this place on Sunday, November 24th. It is said that this is the first time an Episcopal clergyman has officiated here. The Congregationalists kindly lent the use of their church for the day. The congregations were large and much interested. The responses were excellent. The Rev. Mr. Collins, of Brattleboro, sent fifty Mission Prayer Books, which were distributed in the pews; and as the pages on which the different parts of the service might be found were announced, all using the books were enabled to take part. Only a few persons in the congregations had been present at the services before. The singing was excellent, the choir having been drilled in chanting by Colonel James H. Phelps.

THE STATE DIVORCE LAW.—Bishop Bissell has lately been invited to testify before the Judiciary Committee of the Vermont Legislature as to the need of a more stringent law on the subject of divorce. It is hoped that his influence, with that of other good men, will cause an amendment of the present law, which makes frequent divorces, and for inadequate reason, much too easy. During the last sixteen years divorces in this State have been granted in the ratio of one to every sixteen marriages, of which only about one fourth has been for the one Scriptural cause of adultery. It is well that the Church's canon law so firmly strengthens the hands of the clergy in giving them leave to officiate only in one class of divorce cases.

BURLINGTON—*St. Paul's Church.*—The old system of a paid quartette choir has been abandoned in this church by advice of the rector and consent of the vestry. The organ has been removed from its place over the vestibule to the left of the chancel. A large new choir has been organized under competent leadership, and the music is hearty and congregational. The expense of the organ's removal was borne by Col. Cannon.

WINOOSKI—*Trinity Church.*—Under the new choir of this church congregational music is established, with Tucker's Hymnal. Miss Cannon, of Burlington, has lately given to the church a complete set of kneeling stools for the nave, and of hassocks for the chancel, besides a full set of altar linen finely worked by the Sisters of St. John the Baptist, of New York. This church still needs cushions, and some addition to its lighting apparatus.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON—*The Church Home.*—This institution held its twenty-first annual meeting, which was largely attended by the friends of the institution, in the chapel-room of the Home, at South Boston, on Tuesday, November 26th. Bishop Paddock conducted the services, assisted by the Rev. W. C. Winslow. The children were catechised by the Rev. John Wright, showing great efficiency in the Catechism, and sang the hymns with much spirit and accuracy. Brief addresses were made by the bishop and the Rev. L. K. Storrs.

The report of the treasurer, Mr. George H. Richards, was presented, showing that the actual running expenses for the year had been $9,349-.09, while the receipts were as follows: Income from invested funds, $2,217.35; legacies and special donations, $10,400; subscriptions, $4,464 .54; cash balance on hand at the beginning of the year, $412.13; total, $17,494.02. The total amount of invested funds is $46,115. The secretary reported that the institution at present contains the maximum of 100 children. Of this number thirty-three have been admitted during the year, and a like number have been discharged.

The Rev. L. Parks was elected to succeed the Rev. Dr. Alexander Vinton as one of the vice-presidents of the board.

CONNECTICUT.

HARTFORD—*Christ Church.*—The window in the new chancel of this church will be purchased with the proceeds of the Wheaton memorial fund, raised a few years since, which is large enough to permit of the window's being obtained in England.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—*The Italian Mission.*—A solemn *Te Deum* was sung by the Italian congregation of St. Ambrose's church on the afternoon of Sunday, November 24th, as a thanksgiving for the recent escape of the King of Italy from assassination. The service was rendered very heartily by the large number of Italians present, and a brief address was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Stauder, minister in charge, from I. Tim. i. 19. In his address Mr. Stauder warned his hearers to keep aloof from socialistic, communistic, and international societies, which, he said, tend to subvert the throne and the altar, and hasten the shipwreck of society.

This mission continues to do good work among a class of people which cannot be reached by any other means. Italian services have been held every Sunday, and on other days, for five years, with temporal and spiritual ministrations to all who would receive them. The mission has had to struggle hard for a support. The members of the committee which has the supervision of the mission have been left without means to carry it forward. The secretary of the committee (the Rev. Dr. Davenport, No. 2 Bible House) would be glad to hear from lovers of the Church's missions, and from benefactors of this important work among the children of Italy, who would enable him to meet the expenses. The missionary also needs help in money, clothes, shoes, bedding, and anything useful to help therewith the poor Italians of the mission. Address for this purpose the Rev. C. Stauder, No. 75 West Third street.

PORT JERVIS—*Grace Church.*—The Bishop of Springfield visited this parish (the Rev. J. G. Rosencrantz, rector), at the request of the bishop of the diocese, on the morning of the Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity, November 17th, delivered an interesting sermon from Ephesians vi. 13, and confirmed twenty one persons, addressing them after their confirmation. The Holy Communion was then celebrated, and was received by all the newly confirmed. Ninety-five persons have been confirmed in this parish during the last three years.

HARLEM—*St. Andrew's Church.*—On the evening of Wednesday, November 27th, the Sunday-school connected with this church (the Rev. Samuel Earp, rector) held its annual harvest-home festival in the chapel, which was richly decorated. About 350 children were present, each class carrying a banner. After a brief service, conducted by the rector, the classes presented in succession to the rector appropriate emblems of the harvest. The Rev. Dr. McKim then delivered an interesting address, and an offering was taken up for the school. The rector announced that the emblems which had been presented would be sold for the benefit of the school, and after the benediction the congregation was dismissed.

LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN—*Church of the Ascension.*—At the recent anniversary of the beginning of his rectorship the rector of this church (in the east district), the Rev. C. Ellis Stevens, made a statement showing its present condition. The troubles existing two years back have entirely disappeared, and harmony prevails. During the past year 145 communicants have been added, bringing the whole number up to about 400. The parish work has increased correspondingly, rendering necessary the permanent services of an assistant minister. In addition to the regular obligations of the parish a floating indebtedness of about $2,000 has been cancelled. A number of minor improvements have been made in and about the church and chancel at a cost of $380. Two Sunday-schools are sustained. A good work is also being done by the parish guild in its committees on sick and poor, parish needs, church decoration, sociability, and strangers.

Trinity Chapel.—It has been reported that this chapel (formerly old St. Ann's church) would be demolished immediately by the bridge company. This is not the case, however, and the work of the chapel will be continued through the winter. The seats in the chapel are free. As soon as possible a reading-room, evening classes, and free lectures will be begun for the benefit of working people in the vicinity, and aid is much desired for these objects. The Sunday services are held at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P M., and Sunday-school and Bible classes at 3 P. M. Meetings are held during the week of several parochial organizations, among the most important of which are the meetings of the Employment Society, whose object is to furnish work for poor women, which are held at 10 A. M. on Mondays, and of the Mothers' Meeting at 7:30 P. M. of the same days.

Church of the Good Shepherd.—The Thanksgiving services at this church gave the occasion very much the character of a harvest-home festival. Fruits of various kinds, in festoons and clusters, beautifully decorated the church. The adornments of the altar were confined to the typical wheat and grapes. The music was well selected and admirably rendered by the large and trained choir. The rector, the Rev. Henry B. Cornwell, delivered an impressive sermon from Psalm c. 4. The congregation was unusually large for Thanksgiving-day, and seemed to enter thoroughly into the spirit of the service.

This parish has received from the mortgagee a remission of some $5,000 of its indebtedness. This reduction of its debt leaves it in a healthy financial condition. Its location is very favorable for its growth, and its spiritual activity, combined with the other advantages it now en

joys, places it in a position not only flourishing, but eminently useful to a wide neighborhood.

ALBANY.

ST. LAWRENCE CLERICAL UNION.—This association is composed of clergymen of the dioceses of Albany and Ontario, whose parishes are situated on or contiguous to the St. Lawrence river. The meetings of the association are held three times a year, and are presided over by the rector of the parish in which the association assembles, and are intended for the discussion of questions of interest to the members as rectors of parishes. The union has held three meetings during the past year.

The last meeting was held in St. John's parish, Ogdensburg, the Rev. J. D. Morrison, rector. The opening service was held in the church on the evening of Tuesday, November 19th, when the sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. J. Livingston Reese.

On Wednesday morning Divine service was held and a sermon was delivered by the Rev. Charles Forest, after which the Holy Communion was administered, about seventy lay communicants, beside the clergy, receiving the sacrament.

Two private sessions of the union were held in the chapel of the church, the rector presiding, eight American and eight Canadian clergymen being present. The first subject for discussion, "Reverence at the Holy Name," was introduced by a forcible address by the Rev. Mr. Forest, which was followed by an interesting discussion, in which all the clergy present took part. The second subject, "Endowments; their Uses and Abuses," was discussed at the afternoon session, the discussion being opened by the Rev. G. W. White in a vigorous paper. These two papers elicited so much interest that they occupied the whole available time, and the two other appointed subjects were postponed to the next meeting, viz., "The Comprehensiveness of the Church" and "The Epistle to the Colossians." That meeting is appointed to be held at Kemptville, and the subjects are assigned to the Rev. Messrs. Morrison and William Lewin respectively. A third subject, "Aggressive Parochial Work," was selected for discussion at the next meeting.

The closing service was held in the church on Wednesday evening, when the Rev. Dr. J. Breckenridge Gibson made an address on foreign and domestic missions, and was followed in an address by the Rev. Dr. Reese.

A very pleasant reception was held at the rectory, and attended by the members of the congregation, who entertained the clergy during their stay with great hospitality.

The union continued the committee appointed in August to select a suitable location for Church services during the summer in the Thousand Islands, where hundreds of visitors congregate. It is believed that many Church people will cooperate in the work with the committee. All who desire information of this matter may obtain it from the committee, the Rev. J. D. Morrison, Odgensburg, N. Y., and the Rev. E. P. Crawford, Brockville, Ontario, Canada.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

MEDINA—*St. John's Church.*—On Sunday morning, November 24th, the bishop of the diocese visited this church, which is now without a rector. As the church is undergoing repairs and could not be used, the Baptists kindly omitted their morning service and lent their church to the bishop. The bishop preached to a very large congregation, but did not confirm, as there was no rector to prepare candidates.

ALBION—*Christ Church.*—On the evening of Sunday, November 24th, the bishop visited this church (the Rev. James H. Barnard, rector), and preached from II. Timothy iii. 1, on "Perilous Times." After the sermon he confirmed fifteen persons, presented by the rector. The congregation at this service crowded the church, and a large portion of it was made up of members of the denominations.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.

THE BISHOP'S REPLY.—The following response to the resolution of sympathy with Bishop Odenheimer, passed by the convocation of New Brunswick, was received by the secretary:

BURLINGTON, N. J., A. D. 1878, November 23d.

Dear Brethren, Cleric and Lay, of the Convocation of New Brunswick, Diocese of New Jersey:

Your loving resolution, transmitted to me in affectionate words of sympathy by your good secretary, was most acceptable and consolatory. I have made it my life's object to win the love of those over whom God gave me official jurisdiction. When I have failed I have grieved; and when I have succeeded I have felt deeply thankful.

Your resolutions, therefore, are of heartfelt interest to me, and I thank and bless you for their comfort, especially in this hour of my sickness.

Feeling that you will not forget me in your prayers, I am affectionately your friend,

W. H. ODENHEIMER,
Bishop of Northern New Jersey.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA—*City Mission.*—This organization has been making a special effort recently to raise $10,000 needed for its work, and has received $1,405.57, at last reports, towards that amount.

Church of the Crucifixion.—This church (the Rev. H. L. Phillips, minister in charge) is placed in a district of Philadelphia largely inhabited by colored people, and needs $2,000 to carry it successfully through the coming year. Its vestry therefore appeals for gifts of money, and especially for annual subscriptions.

St. Stephen's Church.—The Rev. Dr. Rudder, rector of this church, is delivering a course of lectures on the Bible, and especially the New Testament. The first meeting of the class to which the lectures are to be delivered was held on Friday, November 22d, and the day and hour of the future lectures is to be determined by the class.

Bishop White Prayer Book Society.—The forty-fifth anniversary of this society took place at St. Stephen's church, on Sunday evening, November 24th. The annual report was read by Mr. James M. Aertsen, and the anniversary sermon delivered by the Rev. Dr. W. R. Huntington, from Ecclesiastes i. 4.

The society distributed during the year 9,327 Prayer Books and 8,318 Hymnals, in thirty-eight dioceses and missionary jurisdictions, at a cost of $3,801.75. The contributions from churches, individuals, and sale of books, was $1,770 02; total receipts, $2,613.73. The total number of Prayer Books distributed since the organization of the society is 297,504; Hymnals, 39,936. The available funds of the society will soon be spent at the present rate of distribution. Outside the Diocese of Pennsylvania contributions were received from sixteen dioceses.

ANGORA—*Church Home for Children.*—The chapel of this institution has been completed by the erection of a bell gable, as a memorial of the late Miss Lucy Merrick, who made valuable gifts to the Home. The gable contains a good bell, weighing 700 pounds.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

CONVOCATION OF WILLIAMSPORT.—This convocation met in Christ church, Danville, on the evening of Tuesday, November 19th. After choral Evening Prayer the Rev. John London delivered the convocation sermon from St. John xiv. 21. The bishop of the diocese being present, said the closing prayers and pronounced the benediction.

A business meeting was held at 9 A. M. on Wednesday. In the absence of the dean, who was detained by sickness, the Rev. H. H. Hewitt was elected dean *pro tem.* The following appointments were made: The next meeting of convocation to be held at Christ church, Williamsport, on Tuesday, January 21st, 1879; the Rev. Dr. Francis J. Clerc, convocation preacher; the Rev. S. S. Cheevers, alternate; the Rev. J. Milton Peck, preacher for Wednesday morning; the Rev. William Morrall, alternate; the Rev. Louis Zahner, essayist; and the Rev. John Hewitt, alternate. The Rev. John Hewitt read a paper on "How may we interest all our people in the Extension of Church Work?"

At 10:30 A. M. Morning Prayer was said. The Rev. C. E Fessenden delivered the sermon from Ezek. xxi. 27. The Holy Communion was celebrated by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Hopkins, assisted by the Rev. F. Duncan Jaudon.

At 3 P. M. the convocation reassembled, when the Rev. J. H. Black read an exhaustive paper on "The Great Pentecost."

At 7:30 P. M. the closing meeting was held at Grace church chapel of East Riverside (opposite Danville). After Evening Prayer the Rev. Dr. Hopkins preached from St. Matt. xxviii. 20. The Rev. H. H. Hewitt followed with an address on "The Church."

After service the Rev. J. Milton Peck, rector, entertained the clergy at the rectory. There were present at these meetings fourteen of the clergy, including the bishop, the Rev. Milton C. Lightner, of Central New York, and the Rev. P. B. Lightner, of the North-eastern Convocation. The paper read by the Rev. John Hewitt was made a special subject for debate at the next meeting. The clergy tendered their thanks to the rector and his congregation for their courteous and hospitable entertainment.

RIVERSIDE—*Consecration of Grace Church.*—On the evening of Sunday, November 17th, this church, which is a chapel-of-ease of Christ church, Danville, was opened for Divine service, and a sermon was delivered by the Rev. J. Milton Peck, rector.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 19th, the bishop of the diocese, attended by fourteen other clergymen, consecrated the church to the worship of Almighty God, delivering the sermon. The deed of the property was read by Mr. A. L. Frick; the request to consecrate, by Mr. Daniel De Long; and the sentence of consecration, by the Rev. M. C. Lightner. The Holy Communion was administered by the bishop, assisted by several of the clergy.

A number of gifts were used in the service, among which were the chalice and paten, the alms-basin, and the altar book-rest. The music of the *Jubilate* was written by one who was once a laborer in one of the iron mills of Danville, and has since received the degree of Doctor of Music from the University of Cambridge, England.

The interior of the church is tasteful and convenient. The bell is a fine one, from the McShane foundry, of Baltimore. It bears the following inscription: "'Oh, come let us worship and fall down; and kneel before the Lord our Maker.' Grace Church. Riverside, Penn. Chapel of Ease of Christ Church, Danville. A. D. 1878"

TAMAQUA—*Calvary Church.*—On the evenin of Thursday, November 21st, the bishop of the diocese visited this church, preached from St. Matthew xi. 6, confirmed four persons, and addressed them. A very large congregation was present, and the bishop was assisted in the service by the Rev. Messrs. H. P. Chapman, C. J. Kolgour, and Cortlandt Whitehead. The service was choral.

On Friday morning, the 22d, the bishop instituted the Rev. W. J. Miller into the rectorship of the church, the Rev. Cortlandt Whitehead delivering the sermon.

After the service a collation was served in the Sunday-school, when the members of the congregation were introduced to the bishop.

Service was again held on Friday evening, and a sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. C. G. Gilliat.

On Saturday morning there was an interesting service, viz., the anniversary of the Junior Aid Society of the parish. Its members are the younger communicants, who are associated together to deepen and strengthen their spiritual life, engaging in Church work and endeavoring in every way to bring the full Church system to bear upon the hearts and lives of every one. After Morning Prayer the rector set forth the object of the service, and explained the scope and purpose of the association; after which the vice-president of the society made a report of work done during the last year. The society was then addressed by the bishop and the Rev. H. P. Chapman, the bishop giving some cheering words of counsel and encouragement.

SUMMIT HILL—*St. Philip's Church.*—On the evening of Friday, November 22d, the bishop visited this church, preached, confirmed eleven

persons presented by the rector (the Rev. W. J. Miller), and addressed the newly confirmed. The parish is full of life and activity, and earnest in all good works.

ROBBERY AT THE BISHOP'S HOUSE.—The house of the bishop of the diocese was entered by burglars early on the morning of Monday, November 25th. The thieves gained an entrance by forcing their way through a bay window of the parlor, and then opened the back and front doors. Nearly all parts of the house were visited, and the thieves, hearing a noise in one of the bed-chambers, locked the occupant in and turned the key on the outside. They then proceeded to the closets and pantry and held a feast. A demijohn of wine was emptied during their feast in the parlor. Several hundred dollars' worth of property, including silverware and clothing, were carried off. The bishop was not at home at the time of the robbery.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHARLESTON — *St. Mark's Church.* — The Charleston *News and Courier* thus comments on the consecration, which we described recently:

"The consecration of St. Mark's Episcopal church was in many respects a notable event. The congregation is composed of the *élite* of colored society in Charleston, the families who attend being those of people who were 'free persons of color' in the days of slavery, and many of whom themselves owned considerable numbers of slaves. These people have held together in a body since the social revolution produced by emancipation, and have maintained a somewhat exclusive society. Their late rector was the Rev. J. B. Seabrook, well known as the teacher of the famous Bluffton boys, and an intelligent, highly educated clergyman. Their present rector, the Rev. A Toomer Porter, is well known in the United States and England for his educational and charitable enterprises; and the assistant rector, the Rev. C. I. LaRoche, who has more immediate charge of the church, is a gentleman of good family, who has recently entered the Episcopal priesthood.

"Bishop Howe, who consecrated the church, although a Northern man by birth, has been a South Carolinian from his youth up, and is as thoroughly Southern in sentiment as any man born on the soil. The clergy who took part in the services are all white men, and, with perhaps a single exception, all Southerners, and some of them good Confederate soldiers. The Rev. Ellison Capers, who delivered the consecration sermon, is a son of the late venerable Bishop Capers of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and was quite distinguished as a brigadier general in the Confederate Army.

"St. Mark's has also been the subject of a serious division in the Convention of the Diocese of South Carolina, the question of the admission of its delegates to the Convention on an equal footing with delegates from white congregations having given rise to heated debates. The delegates have not yet been admitted, and the question may come up again at any session of the convention.

"The great interest manifested in the consecration ceremony indicates that any feeling that may have been raised by acrimonious discussion has passed away, and the entry of this large and respectable colored congregation into full possession and use of a new and commodious place of worship, may be regarded as an auspicious event, on which the Episcopalians of this diocese may well be congratulated."

A correspondent says:

"These services will long be remembered as marking an era in the history of this diocese. A new work has been begun in this parish since it called the Rev. A. T. Porter to be its rector. He has entered upon the work with his whole soul, and thus has assured the work for the future. One who visited the parish soon after the death of their late rector, and who witnessed the life, energy, and determination of the parish last week, could not but be surprised at the wonderful change which had passed over them since last spring. It was as a life from the dead. This change has been due under God to the wise and earnest administration of its affairs by the new rector, and to the willing acquiescence of St. Mark's people in his plans of working. If it could only be that similar efforts could be made by the Southern clergy—by those who have been born and brought up among the colored people—there is no doubt that the work would be as successful in other places as it has been in St. Mark's.

"In this instance there is this to be said—the Rev. Mr. Porter does not now for the first time show his desire for the good of the colored people. Twelve years ago he visited the North, and in many eloquent addresses delivered in the cities of Boston and New York, and in various other places, earnestly urged upon the attention of the Church her duty to the colored people, and with great success. The immediate and pressing wants of his own race, however, demanded his attention. He therefore laid aside this his first work to found that most important institution, connected with his parish of the Holy Communion, for the education of the children of those who before the war had lived in affluence. He has reached that point of time in the history of his work when he may again take up the work for the colored people.

"The interest of the white people of Charleston is now secured, and was exhibited by the attendance upon the services of all the clergy of Charleston except one, who was ill while on Sunday the rector of St. Luke's dismissed his own congregation to attend the Sunday-school celebration and address the children. Moreover, many communicants from these churches, both ladies and gentlemen, were present, and communed indiscriminately in the congregation, both at the consecration and confirmation services. Some of these clergy and laymen voted against the admission of St. Mark's into the diocesan convention. Though these services may not indicate any change in this matter, there is no doubt that they show a new era of good feeling to have begun, and of good work also.

"The music on all these occasions has been what is called congregational singing, led by a choir of men and women. At times it was exceedingly effective, and where it failed at all it will be corrected by the future practice of the people in their new church."

MOUNT PLEASANT. — St. Andrew's chapel, Christ Church parish (the Rev. G. W. Stickney, rector), was visited by the bishop of the diocese on Sunday, November 16th. The bishop preached twice, administered the Holy Communion, and confirmed one person. On account of the impoverished condition of the people only one service a month can be maintained.

MISSISSIPPI.

ABERDEEN—*St. John's Church.*—The bishop of the diocese visited this church on Tuesday, November 12th, and remained until Thursday afternoon. On Wednesday evening, after Evening Prayer, the bishop preached to a large congregation, from I. Kings xviii. 21, and confirmed one person.

The Rev. V. Winder Shields, rector of the church, writes:

This parish is working quite smoothly; and, although a poor one, has met its assessments promptly thus far, and with the help of a small stipend from the missionary fund fulfilled its immediate obligations in a satisfactory manner. But this is all it is able to do. The church building, a graceful structure in brick, erected in 1851, is about to fall into decay, and the means needed to prevent it by repair are not to be had here. We do not feel like asking for aid, there are so many calls on all sides; but if, amid the great charities of the day, our needs should meet the eye of some whom God has prospered, we would be grateful to receive help here where the Church is struggling for existence. Since the Rev. John B. Linn resigned the charge of St. Paul's church, Columbus, there is, I believe, only one clergyman of the Church with a regular cure in the whole of the east side of the diocese. . . . The statement of these facts will show Churchmen the need of the Church in parts of Mississippi. The need can be supplied in a large measure by the offerings of those who have to give to the Lord, for this is missionary ground.

LOUISIANA.

NATCHITOCHES — *Consecration of Trinity Church.* — The bishop visited this parish on Wednesday, November 6th. On the evening of that day he officiated at Trinity church, delivering a sermon on "The Love of Christ."

On the following day, at 11 A. M., Trinity church was solemnly consecrated to the worship of Almighty God by the bishop. The service was read by the Rev. A. J. Tardy, of New Orleans, who in the absence of the minister in charge assisted the bishop in all the services. The bishop preached on the words, "The Lord is in His holy temple." In the evening of the same day the bishop delivered a convincing sermon to the men of the parish, upon their responsibilities as the heads of their households, with regard to religion and the Church; and confirmed seventeen persons, among whom were some of the most prominent citizens of the town.

The visitation of the bishop to this ancient city had a most beneficial effect, and was productive of happy results to the Church.

The minister of this church, the Rev. C. A. Cameron, also officiates at Mansfield, a distance of over fifty miles from Natchitoches, and is a faithful and devoted man.

BISHOP'S VISITATIONS. — The bishop of the diocese has recently made a visitation through the Red River region. At Natchitoches the Church, as stated above, has been revived, a neat building consecrated, and seventeen persons confirmed. At a number of other places the bishop administered confirmation. He has made a very favorable impression upon the men in the region through which he passed, and a large number of them were confirmed. At Kanomie he encouraged the congregation to immediate exertion toward erecting a church. The work of the Church is encouraging, especially among the colored people.

TEXAS.

STANDING COMMITTEE.—At a meeting of the Standing Committee, held in Christ church, Houston, November 15th, Prof. Horace Clarke (late a Baptist minister), Mr G. W. Dumbell, of Austin, and Mr. John Davis, of Nashotah, were recommended to the bishop for Deacon's Orders. Mr. Austin Hendricks Dumbell, of Austin, was at the same time and place admitted a candidate for Holy Orders.

DEPOSITION.—On Thursday, October 24th, the bishop of the diocese deposed Mr. John W. Doremus, deacon, from the ministry of the Church.

TENNESSEE.

CHURCH PROPERTY.—The Journal of the last convention is interesting because of the light it throws upon the tenure of Church property. In an able report the registrar enumerates a considerable number of pieces of property transferred during the year to the convention, and adds:

The registrar has heretofore called to the attention of the convention the subject of tenure of Church property as a most important matter for their consideration—expressing the opinion that the vestiture of such property in the convention (for the use and benefit of the parishes, or such uses as may be designated in the conveyance) is the most secure and satisfactory tenure—but has hesitated in pressing this view until brought fully before them for consideration.

The confusion and serious inconvenience resultant from other tenures has been strikingly brought to the attention of the undersigned during the past year. In one parish the title to the property had been vested in a trustee, now dead, and has descended to his heirs, resident upon two continents, and there seems much delay, if not positive difficulty, in getting release of title from them. In another the title was vested in a trustee, now a non-resident of the diocese, who does not respond to repeated efforts to obtain release from him.

In one case Church property has been actually attached for alleged debt of the congregation; and in two others suits and levy upon the same has been threatened, though the obligation is denied.

A committee on the same subject afterwards reported:

That the evils attendant upon the titles to Church property residing in the congregations, or vestries, or wardens, are great. The following are some of the most apparent:

1st. Where both the title and beneficial use

vested in the same persons or body corporate property may be charged with the payment debts improvidently entered into, such as for ary of rector, ordinary expense account, or improvements; and thus property devoted petually to the use of the Protestant Episco- Church may be diverted to pay the obliga- ns of a careless vestry.

d. It is possible that by the consent of a ma- ity of a vestry and congregation property in- ded by the original donors to be forever de- ted to the uses of our branch of the Church tholic may be diverted to other and wholly reign purposes, as was the case with the prop- y of Christ church, Chicago.

There can be no serious objection to vesting title in Church property in this convention. It is a corporation empowered by law to e and hold as trustee all such property. 2d. e effect of vesting titles in the convention uld be to make the convention the holder of naked legal title in trust for the use of the rticular congregation. 3d. The independence d liberty of the congregations as to the use of property would in nowise be impaired. Its use would alone be restrained. The separation the legal title from the beneficial use would event the latter from alienating it, or encum- ring it by debt, without the consent of the nvention. We therefore offer the following olution:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this convention title of all Church property ought to be vest- in this convention, in trust for the use of the rish, or for such other purposes as the donor ay prescribe, and that the registrar be com- nded for his effort to accomplish this end; d that he be requested to persevere in his ef- rt to persuade our parishes to cause the titles their property to be vested in trust in this nvention.

KENTUCKY.

LOUISVILLE—*Christ Church.*—For several ars past All Saints' day has been gratefully lebrated in this church. Large congregations d the presentation of many lovely flowers, to taken afterwards to the graves of the depart-, attest the estimation in which this beautiful stival is held. The Holy Communion adminis- red on this day seems to produce more effectu- y than at other times the characteristic eling of a solemn, tearful joy.

This year the day was marked by a special mmemoration of the late organist of Christ urch, Mr. H. I. Peters, who died in Texas on e 28th of August last. All the musical friends Mr. Peters took part in the commemoration, d the music was of a very high order. All the usic rendered had been arranged or composed the lamented organist. A large congregation as present, and nearly all the clergy of the city ere in the chancel and participated in the ser- ce. A brief extract from the sermon of the ctor may be of general interest:

"That which distinguished Mr. Peters beyond l men that I have known was the deep religious eling which in his mind was associated with s beautiful art. Reverence, devout aspiration, evation of thought, grandeur of expression, ere the qualities which, in his estimation, be- ng, or ought to belong, to the music with which en venture to worship the adorable majesty of e eternal King. He keenly appreciated the ct that people destitute of musical cultivation joy more heartily the simple and sometimes using cadences of a college or bacchanalian ng. But he did not think that the feelings ex- ted or gratified by such music were the feelings ith which sinful men should come before a holy od. He knew, moreover, that a certain portion of en and women possess no gift of song, and have ot tried to acquire the capacity to sing. Of ne- essity these persons must be silent listeners dur- g this part of Divine service, just as all the ngregation are silent listeners while the ap- inted minister recites the common prayers. n either case they ought not to be listless or un- terested listeners. Their minds and hearts ould go along in meditative thought, and in tive appropriation of the supplicating words the minister, and of the adoring strains of e musical service. To make the music of od's house as worthy of its lofty purpo e as uman effort can make it was his unwearying ber of love. By his arrangement and adapta- tion of the best works of Gounod, Mendelssohn, and other great composers to the service of the English Church he succeeded in this noble under- taking beyond any man in America."

The volumes in which these labors are embod- ied are yet unpublished. No contribution to musical literature, and to the grandeur and majesty of worship in the Church, can be made which would be so productive and beneficial as the publication and general use of the music contained in these volumes. It is hoped that ar rangements to this effect may be made; and I bespeak beforehand the attention of rectors, or- ganists, and congregations to a matter which concerns so much the cause of true Church music. C.

INDIANA.

DIOCESAN STATISTICS.—The journal of the last annual convention contains the following statis- tics, a large number of parishes not reporting to the convention: Clergymen canonically resident (bishop, 1; priests, 27; deacons, 3), 31; baptisms (adults, 155; infants, 330), 485; confirmed (as re- ported in the bishop's address), 261; communi- cants, 3,537; Sunday-school teachers, 379; schol- ars, 3,417; average attendance of scholars, 2,145; marriages, 80; burials, 148; contributions: pa- rochial purposes, $46,991.31; diocesan, $2,965.39; other purposes, $549.24: total, $51,421.54.

MISSOURI.

JEFFERSON CITY—*Grace Church.*—During his recent visit to this parish, in the capital of the State, the bishop confirmed five persons, and was given a reception at the executive mansion, where he was being entertained; and a welcome was warmly extended on his return to the dio- cese by many of his friends at the capital and from other parts of the State. Under the new rector, the Rev. W. A. Masker, all the interests of the parish are being vigorously pushed; the interior of the church has been beautified and gas intro- duced; voluntary services are given every Sun- day to the women in the State Penitentiary; and the children are frequently assembled to practise church music.

ST. LOUIS—*St. Luke's Hospital.*—The hospital is likely very soon to have a building of its own. Great interest is being shown in this direction. Several legacies have recently been made, and one parish has pledged $1,500 toward the build- ing.

LECTURES BY THE BISHOP.—The bishop has recently been asked to give in a number of places a lecture on his observations during his recent visit abroad, and he has done it so far as other duties allowed, with in some cases consid- erable pecuniary benefit to local objects.

IOWA.

RECEPTION OF THE BISHOP.—The bishop was received on his return to Davenport by a com- mittee of the three city congregations, with the clergy, college authorities, and students, and escorted to the bishop's house, which was bril- liantly illuminated, where a hearty welcome awaited the party. On Sunday, at the early celebration of the Holy Communion, the bishop placed on the altar a beautiful reading-stand of brass, inscribed: "In memory of Catharine W. Perry." On Monday a public reception was largely attended in the cathedral, where, after Evening Prayer, addresses of welcome were made by the Rev. Canons Silvester and Sprague, to which the bishop responded in an address oc- cupying an hour and a half, detailing the partic- ulars of his visit in England. An opportunity was afforded at the close of the service for per- sonal congratulations.

DUBUQUE—*St. John's Church.*—This important parish is engaged in the erection of a church, the cost of which will probably not fall short of $100,000, of which amount $57,000 has been al- ready expended. It is built of the most substan- tial masonry, and will accommodate about 800 worshippers. Its full length is one hundred feet; the width of the nave, seventy-five feet; and from end to end of the transepts, ninety feet. The plans were furnished by Mr. Henry Cogg- don of New York. The work was begun in 1874, by the present rector, the Rev. C. H. Seymour. The estimated expense was vastly exceeded at the very inception of the enterprise, owing to the character of the soil, which proved to be of the nature of quicksand, so that the founda- tion had to be laid twenty-five feet below the level of the basement floor. The outside walls are two feet in thickness, and built of a very superior stone brought from Farley, a town ly- ing on the Illinois Central railroad, about twenty miles west. The exterior work is what is known as "broken ashlar." The windows are by Wells & Co., of Chicago; the beautiful rose-window over the western entrance having been put in as a memorial by Mr. Peabody, a wealthy citizen and a liberal contributor to the cost of the under- taking. When completed according to the orig- inal design the massive tower at the south-west corner will bear a lofty spire to a height of 115 feet.

GRISWOLD COLLEGE.—The Rev. Canon Kel- logg, who has recently been added to the cathe- dral and collegiate staff at Davenport, has entered successfully upon his duties as head master of the preparatory department of Gris- wold College. The Rev. Mr. Kellogg brings to his work a ripe experience and a hearty enthu- siasm, which give promise of good success.

BROOKLYN—*St. Mark's Church.*—This city, in Poweshick county, well situated on the Rock Island road, is now about twenty years old, and contains a population of 1,600. It can boast of no great manufacturing interests, but is sur- rounded by a fine agricultural district. The parish of St. Mark's, under the active pastoral care of the Rev. F. E. Judd, formerly general missionary for the diocese, is quite prosperous and full of promise. The people are engaged in the erection of a church, which, when completed, will do great credit to all concerned. Last Easter pledges were offered for this object amounting to $3,231, which will secure its completion with- in a few months at the furthest. The building is not only beautiful in design, but in some im- portant points possesses peculiar features, which are worthy of being termed "a new departure" in the art of church building. And, best of all, no indebtedness is allowed to accumulate in the course of its erection. The building, which is a frame, resting on a substantial stone basement, was planned, and its erection is being superin- tended, by the senior warden—Mr. Thomas J. Holmes, formerly a builder by profession. It is thirty feet wide by seventy in length, and stands upon a large lot, which will admit of its exten- sion when necessary.

The principal peculiarity referred to consists in the fact that, instead of the usual perpendicular side frame, with heavy truss frame-work over- head, eight Gothic arches, occurring at equal inter- vals on both sides of the building, spring from the foundation, and are continued to the top, where they form the apex of the roof, the entire height being thirty-two feet from the floor. These arches are fourteen inches wide, and are finished in open work, cut in various designs of an ec- clesiastical character. From these main arches spring smaller sub-arches, which cross each other near the foot of the centre or hanging part, thus forming a perfect cross, the arms of which serve to secure the top of the main arches. The interior of the building, instead of being plastered, is finished in panel work as far as the top of the arches.

The structure is not only elegant in design, but very substantial in construction, and less costly, moreover, than the usual style of building and plastering churches. Provision is made also, by means of layers of thick iron- board paper interposed between the inside and outside wood work, for thorough protection from wind and weather. It is purposed to heat the building with an improved furnace recently patented by Mr. W. F. Ross, a faithful Church- man and well-known citizen of Davenport, in this diocese.

APPLICATIONS FOR ORDERS.—Since the bish- op's return from England he has received the applications of a Methodist and a Congregation- alist minister for Orders in the Church.

DAVENPORT—*Ordination.*—The bishop held a special ordination in the cathedral on the Twen- ty-third Sunday after Trinity, at which he ad- vanced to the priesthood the Rev. C. Compton Burnett, a graduate of New College, St. John's Wood, London, and for a number of years an

Independent or Congregationalist minister in England and America. The Rev. Mr. Burnett's diaconate has been spent in Fairfield, in this diocese. He has been elected to the rectorship of a parish in the Diocese of Southern Ohio.

A GREAT WANT.—The Bishop of Iowa would be glad to correspond with some clergymen of the Church who, added to zeal for the work of the ministry, are possessed of sufficient means —at the West even a little income will go a long way—either to support themselves while making ventures of faith in promising openings for the Church, or to eke out the small stipends which the poverty of a number of his parishes compel them to offer. The field is white for the harvest. Only men and means, or *men with means*, are wanting.

MICHIGAN.

MISSIONARY MEETING.—The semi annual missionary meeting of the Church in this diocese was held in St. Peter's church, Hillsdale, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, November 19th, 20th, and 21st, Bishop Gillespie presiding.

On Tuesday evening, after Evening Prayer, the bishop made an introductory address, and announced the topic for discussion—"Woman's Work in the Church." The discussion was opened by the Rev. Dr. Harris, who read a paper, by a lady of Detroit, on "The Work of Sisterhoods." The reading of this paper was succeeded by addresses from the Rev. J. A. Wilson, B. T. Hutchins, A. A. Butler, L. S. Stevens, W. J. Harris, D.D., J. T. Webster, and Bishop Gillespie, who closed the discussion.

On Wednesday morning the bishop and several other clergymen visited the Freewill Baptist college, by invitation, and the bishop addressed the students.

At 10:30 A. M. Divine service was held, and the Holy Communion was administered; and the bishop delivered a sermon on "The Necessity of Prayer."

At 3 P. M., after prayers, the Rev. Dr. Harris read a paper on the selected topic, "The Place of the Diaconate in Church Work," and was followed with addresses by the Rev. Messrs. A. A. Butler, Marcus Lane, J. A. Wilson, G. W. Wilson, and H J. Cook, and Bishop Gillespie. The subject of "Church Hospitals" was then discussed by the Rev. Messrs. Webster and Hutchins.

In the evening of Wednesday, after Divine service, the Rev. B. T. Hutchins read a paper on "Religion in the Army," and the Rev. Messrs. Lane, G. W. Wilson, and A. A. Butler made addresses. A paper was read on "Church Work in Rural Districts," and several of the clergy made brief remarks.

On Thursday morning, after prayers, the session was devoted to business of the association. In the afternoon the Rev. R. W. Clark, Jr., read a paper on "The Use of Leaflets in Sunday-schools." A children's service was held in the afternoon, and several addresses were made, and in the evening the missionary work of the Church in this and other countries was made the subject of consideration.

WISCONSIN.

DIOCESAN COUNCIL.—The adjourned session of the annual council of the Diocese of Wisconsin met in the cathedral in Milwaukee on Tuesday, the 19th of November. The adjournment in June was on account of the serious illness of the bishop. As soon as he was strong enough to bear the journey he was taken to Waterloo, N. Y., and subsequently sailed for England, July 4th. The sea voyage, followed by a three months' sojourn in England and on the continent, seems to have restored the bishop's customary vigor and energy, and though still looking somewhat worn and reduced in flesh, he took his place in the council and presided over its deliberations from first to last.

The bishop's annual address took the place of the usual convention sermon. He reviewed the work of the year previous to his illness; spoke most eloquently of the meeting of one hundred bishops in England as "a grand missionary meeting," and predicted most beneficial results to the Church at large from the deliberations and mutual encouragement of the assembled bishops.

A large part of the address was devoted to the cathedral—to a detailed statement of its financial condition, and of its work. He read at length the draft of a canon on the organization of the cathedral, which had been prepared during Bishop Armitage's episcopate, but never reported to the council, and announced his purpose of putting it in operation during the recess of the council, so as to be able in June, 1879, to present it for adoption with such amendments as experience should suggest.

The proposed canon provides for a chapter to consist of the bishop, dean, two or more resident canons, two associate canons from the city of Milwaukee, and four conciliar canons from the diocese at large; four lay-associates, two from the cathedral congregation and two from the diocese, with a treasurer and chancellor. The work of the chapter was stated to be the prosecution of "missionary, charitable, and hospital work in the city of Milwaukee, and such diocesan work as the bishop or the council should commit to it."

As the bishop presented this scheme, not for discussion, but as an announcement of his purposes for the balance of the conciliar year, no action was taken upon it. A motion to refer that portion of the bishop's address to a committee to report in June next, and another canon, based upon that read by the bishop, but modifying it in some respects—substituting the Standing Committee of the Diocese for the proposed chapter, and limiting the operations of the chapter to work outside of the city of Milwaukee—which it was also proposed to refer to a committee to report in June next, were laid on the table.

A discussion of the organization of Trinity mission, within the limits of St. John's parish, which threatened to be long and acrimonious, was averted by the reference of the matter to the committee on privilege. This committee, during the recess of the council, secured an adjustment of the matter through consent asked and given by the several parties interested, and the consequent reception of Trinity mission into union with the council without objection.

The usual reports were made by the committees and boards of the diocese. A new canon on assessments, modelled upon the one now in operation in the Diocese of Illinois, after two years' consideration, was laid upon the table, and the system of assessment at present in use—parishes, one dollar per communicant, and mission stations, fifty cents per communicant—continues.

The Rev. C. L. Mallory was reëlected secretary, the Rev. Dr. Spalding registrar, Mr. Winfield Smith treasurer of the diocese, and Mr. C. P. Jones treasurer of diocesan missions.

The standing committee chosen consists of the Rev. Drs. Ashley, Kemper, Spalding, and the Rev. John Wilkinson, and Messrs. I. A. Helfenstein, Winfield Smith, Daniel Jones, and J. H. Reigart.

The board of missions consists of the bishop *ex-officio*, the Rev. Drs. De Koven and Wright, the Rev. Messrs. Royce and Miller, and Messrs. Edward Ferguson, C. P. Jones, Bloodgood, Kemper, and Webster.

The vacancies in the trustees of the funds and property were filled by the reëlection of the members whose term of office had expired, viz., the bishop, Mr. David Ferguson, and Daniel Jones.

The council adjourned *sine die* at 5 P. M. on Wednesday, after a parting address by the bishop and the singing of the *Gloria in Excelsis*.

COLORADO AND WYOMING.

CHURCH WORK IN THE JURISDICTION.—The bishop has just made a very interesting visit to Leadville, that most wonderful mining town, now little over a year old, and containing a population of over six thousand. It is about one hundred and forty miles west of Denver, over two mountain ranges, in the valley of the Arkansas river. The greater part of the journey must still be made by stage coach, but it is believed that two or three railroads will reach it in less than a year. It would not be at all surprising if by that time it should have a population of fifteen thousand. So large a number, however, will not remain there. It will probably settle down into a city of five or six thousand.

The bishop spent several days there. He baptized four persons and administered the Holy Communion to about thirty. At all the services the congregations were large. Many of the leading men are warmly attached to our Church. Some of them are members. It is said that the product of the mines is one hundred and eighty tons a day of ore (silver) that is worth one hundred and twenty dollars a ton, the *lead* paying the cost of smelting. But the money goes East, or remains in the hands of men, few of whom care for the Church or for Christianity.

Much interest was manifested in securing a church of our own and an able clergyman. An executive committee and a building committee were appointed. Lots are to be secured at once, and subscriptions solicited. If any of your readers will give $500 towards it a church seating two hundred persons can be built. With a church edifice and a clergyman of the right sort, it is thought that a self-supporting parish might be built up during the first year. But assistance is needed at first both in building and supporting the minister; and it would be a great mistake not to render it.

The services have been conducted by a most acceptable lay-reader during the past summer. He has done and is doing good faithful work. But a clergyman should be on the ground before spring brings a great inrush of population.

The bishop finds that he misrepresented the place in his address at the missionary conference in Calvary church, New York. There has been a vast improvement in buildings and the accommodations for travellers since last May. He was very comfortably and hospitably entertained. A clergyman having a taste for Western and border life could make for himself a comfortable home.

The twelve missionaries who will be at work on the 1st of January in the missionary district of Colorado and Wyoming, will require stipends amounting in the aggregate to about *five thousand* dollars. It is hoped that the American Church Mission will give, as heretofore, five or six hundred. The Board of Managers appropriate but *thirty-five hundred*. It will be seen that there is a considerable deficiency, which will be increased by $800 or a $1,000 when Leadville and the San Juan mission—Del Norte, Lake City, Saguache, etc.—are supplied. In addition to this need of *special aid* for missionaries, several hundred dollars will be required the 1st of January to pay taxes on real estate, which is of great prospective value, and to renew policies of insurance. Besides these demands, some aid is necessary for the Jarvis School for Boys, already in operation in Denver, as the rent of a building, and the furnishing of the same has to be provided for; and the bishop ought not to be compelled to use for the school any part of his greatly insufficient building funds.

The bishop has heretofore succeeded in raising, every Fall, several hundred dollars by remaining at the East from six to eight weeks. This year he had no time to give to that kind of labor. What is he to do? Surely he ought not to be compelled to go East to solicit aid for work in which all have confidence, and which the Church has sent him to do.

While in the midst of such anxieties, the jurisdiction of New Mexico and Arizona, thrice declined, is forced upon him—a district in which the Presbyterian Board is expending some $15,000 a year, and the Methodist scarcely less.

The work in Colorado and Wyoming was never so encouraging as now. It is the time for redoubled efforts and unstinted, generous aid. If this work has any friends—and the past has shown that it has many warm, earnest friends—let them come now to the bishop's assistance. He needs and will make the best possible use of all that shall be entrusted to him.

COLORADO.

NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA.

THE PROVISIONAL BISHOPRIC.—Some time ago the Presiding Bishop transferred the provisional charge of the missionary district of New Mexico and Arizona to the Rt. Rev. John Franklin Spalding, Missionary Bishop of Colorado and Wyoming, and has received the following letter of acceptance:

DENVER, Col., November 19th, 1878.

The Rt. Rev B. B. Smith, D.D., Presiding Bishop, etc.:

MY DEAR BROTHER: Your thrice repeated and urgent call upon me, and the earnest re-

ests of the domestic committee, constrain me accept the temporary and provisional over- ht of the jurisdiction of New Mexico and izona. I do this under the conditions that no vitations are to be repeated; and although I ll visit the more accessible parts of the juris- tion as I find myself able to do so; and that e domestic committee and their general agent all earnestly endeavor to find the clergy need- , leaving to me only such immediate direction the work as they are unable to give.

Let us pray that God may bless what shall be me to His glory and the extension of the urch in that difficult but important field.

Respectfully and sincerely yours,

J. F. SPALDING.

All correspondence with regard to this missi n ould hereafter be addressed to the Provisional shop, Denver, Col., or the Rev. Dr. Twing. ecretary of the Domestic Committee, Bible ouse, New York.

LOUISIANA.

SUDDEN DEATH OF THE BISHOP.—It gives us eat pain to record the death of the Rt. Rev. r. J. P. B. Wilmer, Bishop of Louisiana. A god- and well-learned man, his influence has been eat in his diocese and in the councils of the urch, and his loss will be deeply deplored.

An Associated Press despatch, dated Monday, ecember 2d, announced his death as follows: The Right Rev. J. P. B. Wilmer, Bishop of e Diocese of Louisiana, a native of Virginia, ge about 65 years, died suddenly at the St. marles Hotel, in New Orleans, at 7 P. M. to- ay, of apoplexy. He arrived November 27th om a professional tour through N rthern Lou- iana, seemingly in good health. Yesterday he reached at Christ church, and administered the mmunion. After tea this evening he went to s room with the Rev. Isaac Ma ks, when he mplained of indigestion. Mr. Marks procured me soda, after taking which the bishop felt tter, lit a cigar, and smoked awhile, when he as suddenly prostrated by apoplexy. A physi- an was sent for, but the bishop died in a few inutes. He leaves a wife and three children, ow residing in Charlottesville, Va."

ORDINATIONS.

TEXAS.—In Christ church, Houston, on the Twenty- cond Sunday after Trinity, November 17th—*Deacons:* essrs. Horace Clark G. W. Dumbell, and John Davis.

IOWA.—In the cathedral, Davenport, on the Twenty- ird Sunday after Trinity, November 24th—*Priest:* he Rev. C. Compton Burnett.

CONFIRMATIONS.

VERMONT.—At Royalton, 1; Woodstock, 7; North- ld, 3; Poultney, 1.

MASSACHUSETTS.—At Dedham, 3.

CONNECTICUT.—At Plainville, 11; Middletown (spe- al), 2; Seymour, 12; Oxford, 7; Ansonia, 65.

NEW YORK.—At Port Jervis, by the Bishop of Spring- ld, 21.

PENNSYLVANIA.—At Fallsington, 8.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.—At Tamaqua, 4; Summit ill, 11.

NORTH CAROLINA.—In Christ church, Rowan county, St. Andrew's, 7; St. James's, Iredell county, 6; at untsville, 5.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—At Mount Pleasant, 1.

MISSISSIPPI.—At Aberdeen, 1.

LOUISIANA.—At Natchitoches, 17; Catile, 4; Pine- lle, 5; Alexandria (3 colored), 22; Cheneyville (3 col- ed), 8.

OHIO —At Elyria, 8; Galion, 4; Kenton, 4; Bellefon- ine, 4; Marion, 9; Mansfield, 1.

MISSOURI —At Jefferson City, 5; Boonville, 12; Fay- tte, 1; Sedalia, 6; Neosho, 2; Cuba, 3.

MINNESOTA.—At St. Charles, 2; Stockton, 7; Austin,

PERSONALS.

The Bishop of Florida's health is steadily improv- g.

The Rev. N. G. Allen's address is Walpole, N. H., not alpole, N. Y., as recently printed.

The Rev. John Ambler has resigned the charge of St. aul's church, Hay Market, Va.

The Rev. Thomas S. Bacon's address is No. 3 East altimore street, Baltimore, Md.

The Rev. J. L. Berne has removed from Minnesota St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. Charles E. Betticher has resigned the rec- rship of the church of the Ascension, Claymont, el., and accepted that of Trinity church, Carbon- ale, Pa.

The Rev. Charles T. Coer, secretary of the Diocese Minnesota, should be addressed at Rochester instead Shakopee.

The Rev. H. L. Foot's address is Clinton, Mass.

The Rev. B. H. Latrobe's address is No. 719 Catharine reet, Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. Latrobe is rector of the eamen's Mission.

The Rev. J. W. Lee's address is Bristol, Pa.

The Rev. John Y. Mason has been elected to the rectorship of Trinity church, Martinsburg, West Virginia.

The Rev. Edward B. McGuire has resigned the rectorship of St. John's and Emmanuel churches, Hanover parish, King George county, Va.

The Rev. W. R. Powell assumed the rectorship of St. Peter's church, Shakopee, Minn., on the First Sunday in Advent.

The Rev Edmund Rowland has accepted the rectorship of Calvary church, Clifton, O.

The Rev. Francis H. Stubbs, lately minister in charge of the church of the Beloved Disciple, New York city, has been appointed assistant minister of Christ church, New Brunswick, N. J.

The Rev. George W. West has accepted the rectorship of St. John's church, Monticello, N. Y.

NOTICES.

Marriage notices, one dollar. Notices of Deaths, free Obituary notices, complimentary resolutions, acknowledgments, and other similar matter, *Thirty Cents a Line*, nonpareil (or *Three Cents a Word*), prepaid.

MARRIED.

In Portland, Oregon, November 14th, at St. Stephen's chapel, by the Rt. Rev. B Wistar Morris, Bishop of Oregon, 2d Lieut. CHARLES ST. JOHN CHUBB, 17th Infantry, to SARAH LOESER, eldest daughter of General J. H. Eaton, U. S. Army.

In Middletown, Conn., November 27th, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Right Rev. John Williams, Bishop of Connecticut, the Rev. CHARLES R. TALBOT to MARY S. CAMP, daughter of John N. Camp, Esq.

DIED.

At St. Johns, P. Q., on Monday. November 4th, JULIA A. JANES, widow of the late Jason C. Peirce, Esq., aged 84 years.

Entered into rest, at Philadelphia, November 10th, MARY A., daughter of the late Jesper Harding. Funeral services were at St. Peter's church, Wednesday, November 13th.

At Ashfield, Mass., November 26th, Mr. GEORGE HALL, aged 81 years and 9 months. Mr. Hall had long been an honored and faithful communicant of St. John's church.

At Manaos, on the Amazon, October 7th, in the 26th year of his age. RODMAN MCILVAINE, son of A. Murray McIlvaine, of Philadelphia.

In New Haven, Conn., October 31st, the Rev. MARTIN MOODY, aged 73 years.

Entered into rest, at Queen Caroline rectory, Howard county, Md., on the morning of the 22d of November, 1878, Mrs. SOPHIA MARBURY, relict of the late Rev. Alex. M. Marbury, in the 74th year of her age.

Fell asleep, on Monday, October 28th, at Lawrence, Kan., the Hon. GEO. W. SMITH, Governor-elect of Kansas under the Lecompton constitution, and for several years senior warden of Trinity church, Lawrence.

Entered into rest, in Atlanta, Ga., MERRION F. KOLLOCK, second son of Mrs. Dr. Kollock, of Savannah, Ga., in the 26th year of his age.

Asleep in Jesus, NANNIE C. SIMS, second daughter of W. W. Sims, and grand-niece of Commodore Perry, Montgomery, Ala.

At Morristown, N. J., November 28th, DELANCEY VAUGHAN EGBERT, infant son of the Rev. Wm. Todd and Louise Cooper Egbert; age 1 year and 26 days.

RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the wardens and vestrymen of Trinity church, held this evening, the following resolutions were passed, spread upon the minutes, and ordered published:

Resolved. That the return, in his usual strength and vigor, of our beloved rector, Hugh Miller Thompson, D.D., who left us in bad health in July last, at the request of this vestry, and by the order of his attendant physician, fills our hearts with gratitude to our Divine Master.

Resolved, That we are impelled to express our appreciation of the prompt offer of Dr. Thompson to return to his congregation in the time of pestilence and distress, as expressed (while yet unrecovered from malarial fever) in his several letters to the wardens and vestry, at the breaking out of the epidemic; who, however, took the responsibility of urgently advising him to remain away, hoping thereby that his health and strength would be fully restored, and that the congregation of Trinity church might enjoy the happy privilege of his learned and faithful ministrations, whereby we may be led to the wisdom which leadeth unto everlasting life.

Resolved, Also, that the sincere thanks of this congregation are due and hereby tendered to the Rev. Caleb Dow for his faithful services as assistant presbyter in charge of Trinity church during the absence of the rector.

WM. FLASH,
Senior Warden and V. P.

Extract from the minutes.
Attest: THOMAS F. WALKER,
Secretary V. T. C.

Vestry Room, Trinity Church, New Orleans, November 26th, 1878.
—*New Orleans Picayune.*

IN MEMORIAM.

We, the rector, wardens, and vestry of St. John's church, having, on the 19th day of this present month, been called, in the Providence of God, to deposit in the grave the earthly remains of our esteemed brother and co-worker, JAMES M. DANIEL, for many years a communicant of this parish and member of this vestry, feel constrained to place on record our personal regard and high estimate of his value.

Two characteristics seemed specially to mark his life; the first was a rare unselfishness, which habitually deferred his own ease, comfort, or interest to that of others, with a grace which seemed to be receiving, while really conferring, a favor; and the other, an indomitable energy, which threw itself wholly into any cause which enlisted his interest.

These strong attributes of character, consecrated by God's grace, have impressed the mark of a true man's labor upon the progress of our parish and community.

Sorrowing that we shall see his face no more in the flesh, we have yet laid him to rest in loving hope of a glorious resurrection through Jesus Christ our Lord, and thanking God for the mercy which prolonged his days to see his children's children about his knees, and to continued usefulness in our parish and city.

Resolved. That the above record be placed upon a page of the vestry book.

R. H. WELLER, Rector.
A. S. BALDWIN, S. W.
Jacksonville, Fla., November 25th, 1878.

RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the vestry of Grace church at Franklin, N. J., held on the 17th day of November, 1878, it was, on motion of Mr Joseph Kingsland, seconded by Mr. James M. Wheeler unanimously

Resolved, That whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst Thomas W. Satterthwaite, Esq., for many years an honored resident of Franklin township, N. J., one of the founders of Grace church, and one upon whose Christian liberality the Church has been largely dependent for its foundation and support, and who was associated with the vestry of Grace church, filling the position of warden; and whereas the said Thomas W. Satterthwaite, Esq., for his virtue, integrity, amiability, public spirit, private worth, and many other noble and generous qualities, departed this life regretted and lamented by all who knew him; and whereas the sorrow universally expressed by all his friends and neighbors is shared by the vestry of Grace church, be it

Resolved That a copy of these resolutions and preamble, properly engrossed, be sent to the widow and family of our late friend, brother, and associate, Thomas W. Satterthwaite Esq. And finally be it

Resolved, That in due course of time, God willing, an appropriate tablet be placed within the church of Grace parish to the memory of our late beloved brother, bearing such proper inscription and form as may be agreed upon hereafter at a meeting of the vestry of Grace church.

Resolved, That the above memorial be published in THE CHURCHMAN,

CHAS. G. HAUKS,
Secretary.

A CHRISTMAS APPEAL.

I hope that the friends of the work among the colored people of Petersburg will remember to send us something as presents for the children of St. Stephen's school, to be given them from the Christmas tree on next Christmas night. I will also add that boxes of ready-made clothing, or material for making clothing for the benefit of the needy children and members of the congregation, will be very acceptable to Mrs. (Bishop) Payne, who has charge of our sewing society and is associated with me in the colored work here.

Respectfully, G. B. COOKE,
Rector of St. Stephen's church and Normal School.
Petersburg, Va., November 20th, 1878.

NOTICE.

"The Home for the Destitute Blind" holds its annual fair in Republican Hall, No. 55 West Thirty-third street, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 10th, 11th and 12th of December.

It is hoped that the readers of this notice will make an effort to be present, and to assist a band of ladies who for the past ten years have done all in their power to be "eyes to the blind."

The Home of the Destitute Blind is in West Fourteenth street. No 219. Visitors are welcome.

The Executive committee of the society are Mrs. Eastburn Benjamin, Mrs. Daniel Coster, Mrs Edward Delafield, Jr., Mrs. Edward Dickerson, Mrs. Daniel Hartington, Mrs. Lyman Rhoades, Mrs. George Shea, and Miss S. K. Walton. Miss Susan O. Hoffman, No. 270 Madison avenue, is treasurer.

YELLOW FEVER SUFFERERS.

The editor of THE CHURCHMAN begs leave to state that during the recent plague he received contributions in aid of the sufferers amounting to $9,449.54, and that he distributed that amount as follows: To Grenada, $1,039.50; to Vicksburg, $1,000; to Memphis, $2,944.24; to New Orleans, $1 554 82; to Canton, $250; to Holly Springs, $250; to Baton Rouge, $350; to Port Gibson, $250; to Jackson, $440.30; to Dry Grove, $133 27; to Pass Christian, $150; to Winona, $220.94; to Daughter of the Rev. J. M. Schwrar, $101; through Bishop Green, $250.57; through Bishop Quintard, $392.54; through the Rev Dr. Dix, $122.36.

For the Children's Home, New Orleans, La., through Mary A. Bruce, Wells' River, Vt... $3.00

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Please allow me to acknowledge the following sums contributed lately towards the cancelling of the debt on the chapel of the Prince of Peace: From Mr. W. S. $5; from Mr. J. G., $1; from Miss W., $1; from Mr. M. P., $2; from Mrs. A., $5; Philadelphia: from Miss R., $5; from Miss E. B., $5; Mr. C., $1.

H. L. PHILLIPS,
Missionary, Gettysburg.

November 21st, 1878.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY

needs immediate contributions to enable it to fulfil its obligations to students in school and college.

We need $2,000 in the month of December. Will not the faithful friends of the Society, and those "whom God hath blessed" with abundance, give liberally to this important work?

Remittances and applications may be addressed to the Rev. H. W. SPALDING, Corresponding Sec'y, or the Rev. F. D. HARRIMAN, 179 Seymour street, Hartford, Conn.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" published hereafter will appear under the full signature of the writer.

EDUCATION OF COLORED CANDIDATES.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

We who are engaged in missionary duty over a large area, do not get a glance at THE CHURCHMAN quite as promptly as your city readers. When we return from a prolonged excursion we have not time to read up at once the matter that awaits us, much of which, THE CHURCHMAN included, has made a *detour* on its own account among friends and neighbors. So as a reader, we take it slowly, though not the less surely. I find in the September numbers articles relative to the education of young colored men for the ministry, and I regret that I did not see them earlier. One proposes an additional training-school for this State, and another asks, subsequently, why not give them a place in the seminary at Alexandria? As we have some knowledge bearing on this matter, we do not hesitate to give it in the general interest.

About three years since, when connected with the work of Home Missions to Colored People, the question of preparing young persons for the ministry of the Church was brought forward, and we heard all the arguments in favor of an additional training-school. It was then alleged with some persistence by the colored people, that at the regular institutions of the Church their presence would be so offensive to the ordinary white student, that an application for admission would, in all probability, be rejected. At that time Baltimore was suggested as the most suitable place for the new enterprise. On our return to New York, in order to test this question, we called on the Dean of our General Seminary, and learned from him that should any colored student present himself to the faculty with the usual papers, he would, on passing the examinations, be matriculated. From what we know of that institution, we believe everything would be done for such applicant in the fairest manner. Now our readers are many of them aware that students of color have passed their preparatory course at the divinity school in West Philadelphia, and if none have passed through the Berkeley Divinity School, it is because no formal application has been made. In addition to this, some provision was made a few years since, by which the Rev. Dr. Crummell, of Washington (the best educated black man of our acquaintance), could receive a limited number of students.

As for the seminary at Alexandria, we can only give our impressions (as we have never conferred with any member of the faculty on the subject) and say, that while by some of the members of that institution such an application might be regarded in the light of a novelty calculated to disturb our peace, nevertheless, if the recommendations were satisfactory and the examinations could be passed, a colored student would, somehow or other, be provided for; that instead of persecution, he would, if at all diligent and prudent, very soon become the pet of the majority, who have been accustomed through life to the presence of colored people. Of course, if thrust in defiantly, and demanding the front rank in everything, he would fare as others making similar claims and pretensions. We say this is our individual belief, founded on an acquaintance with that seminary of over thirty years' standing. In fact he would have some advantages over the average student of depleted exchequer. He would be morally nearer the refectory, and because of his color would come in for many a delicate *morceau* denied to even the best behaved beneficiary, whose only misfortune might be that he was of Anglo-Saxon origin.

But if an institution for colored persons exclusively is demanded, let it be remembered we have one such already, in St. Augustine's Normal College, at Raleigh, N. C. That property is valued at one hundred thousand dollars, and has at its head a gentleman of education and ability. One of our bishops resides in that city, and every reasonable help and opportunity is afforded—taking the student as he stands, as to literary qualifications—at a cost of only one hundred dollars a year.

And here we ask, Are white students admitted to this institution? Would not a certain livid pallor spread over the benevolent faces of its trustees if such application were made? And yet, how is this?

Thus we see the case is fully met as to training-schools, and as all fresh experiments of this nature are necessarily expensive, we doubt their utility or success.

But what the Church down here in the South really does need is a number of instructed colored persons to act in the capacity of lay-readers and catechists, or as Sunday-school superintendents, who can do the Church's work under the direction of a hard-working practical rector. What better training-school in practical duties and practical knowledge, than the living, working parish? If any of these desire to enter the regular ministry, the seminary at Raleigh has been erected exclusively for their benefit.

The immediate want of the Church is for just such men—men having the confidence of their own people; and they are to be found, if diligently sought, in every county of the South. But as for admitting a number of men to the priesthood without full qualifications (save as to the dead languages), it would be, in our judgment, an injustice to the Church, and would only increase the confusion. Save us from kid-gloveism among this simple race. We can do without it. We want the same common-sense exercised in our efforts among these people as was used when the Church was planted among the whites of this continent. We have now passed six months in going about among them, and we believe in them more than ever. They have a plane of action which belongs to them alone, and must be studied if we would do them good. Here they excel in all those qualifications which fit them to cope with the difficulties of Africa and the African.

Now I don't mean to say there are no barriers to success in this work. There meets you, far too often, the ill-savor of old issues. Often a gentle pressure, invisible, will be brought to bear against the man who desires to benefit them. Once it was neither gentle nor invisible. Now it is rather tortuous and abounding in sinuosities, which counsel you not to attempt it. But when it is really discovered at last that no mischief is intended, effort is silently acquiesced in. The time is coming when this will be followed by an era of interest, and possibly enthusiasm. We have not reached that period yet.

The Church must meet all this in her usual straightforward, manly way. It is time to cease doing one thing under cover of another. We must be true here as elsewhere, and then these people will come to us.

But the Church has already more opportunities than she can meet. Education is silently percolating the mass, and instead of absorbing the strength and money of the Church in the multiplication of enterprises, whose success can in all probability only endure through the short life-time of one man, let us for once place reliance on the provision the old Church has made for those who would serve at her altars.

W. E. WEBB.

Halifax County, Va., Nov. 5th, 1878.

A FAITHFUL PRIEST.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

In reading of many priests who have died during this dreadful scourge of my unfortunate land, I do not see the name of the Rev. Wm. Burt Littlejohn, rector of Trinity Church, Yazoo City, Mississippi. He was a contributor to your paper also. The Rev. Wm. Burt Littlejohn was lately from Arkansas, and was a Methodist clergyman before he took the vows of the Holy Catholic Church. He died on the 21st day of September, of yellow fever, the first case in Yazoo City. I was a warm friend of his, and would like to see his name among the list of those who fell at the post of duty. In his death the Church has lost a man that would have done good work, as he was devoted to her Lord.

MRS. R. P. HYATT.

Yazoo City, Miss., November 20th, 1878.

NEW BOOKS.

WATER GIPSIES. A Story of Canal Life in England. By L. T. Meade, Author of "Scamp and I," "David's Little Lad," etc. [New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.]

It is through a mistaken sense of what is right and best for children that such a book as the "Water Gipsies" is written and finds its way into press. We would not for an instant doubt that L. T. Meade has but one thought in presenting such a book to the public, and that is to interest and arouse the sympathies of children and all readers in such types of childhood—only too true ones—as the poor unfortunate little children whose home was the canal boat, the "Willing Bess."

But the question will arise in the mind of a thoughtful person whether the good done by such a book is not more than counteracted by the creating in children's minds of a morbid, unhealthy taste for such literature, where, as in this book, there are such descriptions as the death of the poor, godless, ignorant woman, Aunt Kiz. The utterly illiterate, coarse language that is used throughout, the various dreadful episodes in the life of the three boys, even the satisfactory ending, the good found in the midst of so much vice and wretchedness, is not sufficient to overshadow the bad. It is not possible to shut one's eyes to the fact that such books are unhealthful reading for the young. "The Water Gipsies" appears at this time in England as a Christmas number of one of the leading religious magazines. In this country it is handsomely bound and illustrated for the holiday season.

THE VISION OF ECHARD, AND OTHER POEMS. By John Greenleaf Whittier. [Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1878.] Cloth, pp. 131.

Whittier's poems are full of delicacy, and their passion is altogether pure. We miss here somewhat of the fire that gave force to his earlier lyries. But the gentler glow, into which that fire has softened in later years, will win a truer and a more lasting sympathy. We could wish that now and then, at least, along with his reverence for inward and spiritual realities, he might show a little more appreciation for the forms by which those realities are preserved from age to age. But, after all, his songs are really helpful, and one feels that they come from a true and honest heart. Whatever his theme may be, he always succeeds in bringing out therefrom all the poetry that is in it. Besides, he contents himself with unveiling the beauties and the good that lie unrecognized in common things. Of all his countrymen who have written in verse, he best deserves the name of our national poet. And this claim may be based upon the quality of his productions as well as upon their spirit.

ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL, Described and Explained According to its Peculiar Character. By Christoph Ernst Lalhardt, Professor of Theology at Leipzig. Translated by Caspar René Gregory, Doctor of Philosophy, Leipzig. Vol. III. [Edinburgh: T. & S. Clark. 1878]. 8vo, cloth, pp 390.

This volume appears in the excellent series known as "Clark's Foreign Theological Library." It continues and completes the work on

Gospel by St. John. The three volumes n together comprise one of the most larly commentaries ever written on that ion of the New Testament. It is an ex- ion of the thoughts and truths underly- he text. It will, therefore, be an efficient towards getting at the inner meaning, is, the real contents of St. John's Gospel.

STORY OF THE CHRISTIANS AND MOORS OF AIN. By Charlotte M. Yonge. [London: cmillan & Co.]

subject which in history, song, and ance has been so much dwelt upon, which tional literature, surprisingly rich and rous, has kept so fresh in the minds of ceeding ages, and one which so many ers of genius have expended years of rch and labor upon, needs to be handled equally judicious manner, or else should much better, let alone. Miss Yonge is ys an agreeable writer. No doubt she done more than any other one woman er to interest and instruct the young, but she ventured upon the history of this rkable period in the history of Spain, ask was quite too much for her. It can- be said that her little book adds anything e interest of the Moors. Evidently her ggle is to preserve a strictly middle course veen history and romance, for with the hand she tells us a most exciting legend ome wonderful exploit, and with the r she knocks it over with the common- e of scepticism. However, the book is a nice one to place in the hands of chil- , is calculated to excite in them a desire urther research in Castilian history, and afford them much pleasure as well as in- ction. The book is finely edited, and has he title-page a vignette executed by the rated artist, Holman Hunt.

FAMILY LIBRARY OF BRITISH POETRY, m Chaucer to the Present Time. Edited by mes T. Fields and Edwin Whipple. With velve Heliotype Portraits. [Boston: Hough- n, Osgood & Co.]

his volume covers the period from Chaucer e present time (1350–1878), and contains tions from the really classical poets se writings have immortalized much of lish literature. The editors have shown discrimination not in using only those ns which have from time to time achieved rtain reputation, but "having," to use r own words, "rescued some novel ex- les of this class of poems from undeserved vion which sometimes follows great popu- y," they have taken great care to make tions representing the characteristic us of the poet, from such writers as ucer, Spencer, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, umont, Fletcher, Dryden, Milton, Marvell, bert, Pope, Akenside, Young, Thomson, ldsmith, Burns, Wordsworth, Scott, Col- ge, Campbell, Byron, and many others. further comment need be added than that a book cannot fail to be of great value, should be found in every carefully selected ary.

OINETTE. A Story by André Theuriet, Au- or of "The House of the Two Barbels," etc. ppleton's New Handy Volume Series. [New ork: D. Appleton & Co.]

he opening preface of this little story in- ns the reader that the author has drawn nspiration from Miss Rhoda Broughton's arkable romance, "Good-by, Sweet- t," which was published in England some years ago. This fact goes to prove that possible to glean ideas or suggestions from the most pernicious and trashy of books, o this class undoubtedly do Miss Brough- s stories belong. "Antoinette" bears h the same comparison to the one by h it is said to have been suggested that a ate-spirited water-color bears to the most sively gaudy chromo. The pretty little ch pastoral is as light, airy, and delicate- raceful as the other is clumsy, overdrawn, atural, and coarse. Nothing could be daintily told than this little French girl's love story. Her woes and sorrows are very real, and the happy marriage after all is, of course, the only proper ending.

THE FIRST VIOLIN. By Jessie Fothergill. Leisure Hour Series, No. 101. [New York: Henry Holt & Co.]

Musical novels are as yet by no means common in this country, but the fact that this book is announced as such, means rather that it dwells chiefly upon musical people than that it is a work of fiction upon musical affairs. The book opens delightfully. One settles down with an agreeable consciousness of having in hand something well worth the time spent upon it, but towards the end the interest slackens and wearies, and after the very sensational and improbable account of the meeting of the two long-parted lovers on the bridge of boats on the Rhine, their subsequent sail down that stream, because during a terrific storm the bridge is torn from its anchorage, the explanations and very ardent love-making which follow, the sense of the ludicrous quite takes the place of the intended impression, and the very tame and "of-course-as-you-might-have-expected" ending is most disappointing. The description of life in the provincial German town, the strong German flavor which belongs to the very construction of the plot, denote that Miss Fothergill has spent much time in Germany and imbibed much of the German taste and spirit. "The First Violin" will be sure to please any of its readers who have seen something of the Fatherland; and musical readers will enjoy the allusions to noted scores and the descriptions of the scenes in which composers and performers act out their various roles. The touch of rationalism filtered through the book, as well as through nearly all German novels and translations, is to be deplored and condemned. Undoubtedly the author of "The First Violin" will give us other and better books, for her faults are mostly those resulting from inexperience.

NELLY'S SILVER MINE. By H. H., Author of "Bits of Travel." "Bits of Travel at Home," etc., etc. [Boston: Roberts Brothers.]

This is a pleasant little story of the brightest and least sensational side of Western frontier life. Many of H. H.'s own experiences in travelling towards and through the great West, which have been described to older people in "Bits of Travel at Home," are here introduced in an easy, natural, story-telling manner. Nelly's father is an asthmatic clergyman who emigrates to Colorado with his wife and children in search of health, which we are assured he finds. The long journey, and the change of residence after having settled once, are well described, and will give children a careful and good idea of Colorado scenery. The few characters of the frontier which find their way into the book are very mild and natural indeed in comparison with the blood-thirsty, scalp-hunting individuals who generally find their way into literature for the young relating to the same class, and they are presumably much more true to nature. The heroine is a frank, sweet-minded child who does discover a silver mine, and who, thoroughly unselfish about it, thinks only of the happiness and relief money would bring her father. But its proving worthless in nowise destroys, it rather increases, our pleasure in the story, because the gentle little Nelly expands in disappointment and trials the sweet unselfishness of her character. The little moral is easily read, even by children. "Nelly's Silver Mine" is not of the earth earthy, but in her own heart and soul that enriches and gladdens all with which it comes in contact. How much more good such children's books can and will do in the world than the generality of conventionalism and trash which goes by that name.

PLAY-DAY POEMS. Collected and Edited by Rossiter Johnson. Leisure Hour Series, No. 97. [New York: Henry Holt & Co.]

Mr. Rossiter Johnson has made a pleasant and careful selection from some of the best known verse writers, gay, humorous, and sad, and enclosing them in the serviceable binding of the Leisure Hour Series, has launched them out on the world to seek their fortune. There is every reason to suppose it will be a prosperous one, as the little volume contains variety sufficient to please nearly every one.

THE LITTLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING. From the French of Alphonse Daudet, Author of "Sidonie," "Jack," etc., etc. By Mary Neal Sherwood. The Cobweb Series of Choice Fiction. [Boston: Estes & Lauriat.]

The author of "Jack" has given us in "Le Petit Chose" another book of very much the same style and character. As Jack's unfortunate life resembled much that of Dickens's David Copperfield, so might Daniel, the little good-for-nothing, be said to bear comparison with the unfortunate Oliver Twist. Not that he ever sank, as did that unfortunate, to the companionship of thieves, but the same pall of neglect and suffering hangs over the whole story of his young life. Nothing more pitiful than the story of the young boy's sufferings while acting as pupil-teacher in the great French school has ever been told, and the same melancholy shade and tone pervade the whole, as with "Jack," scarcely lightened even by the happy ending and prosperous marriage of the poor fellow who has suffered and endured so much. It is a powerful and withal a touching story, one calculated to haunt the reader by often returning to his thought, together with the remembrance that there must be many such real "Le Petit Choses" in the world, who must struggle and live and suffer without the pen of a Daudet to immortalize their woes. This author is undoubtedly one of the greatest of living French novelists, and though we should be sorry to believe that he is going to make a practice of writing such melancholy stories as this last, their power and vigor, the careful, skilful shading of the various characters, cannot fail to make the book equally interesting with others of this brilliant writer.

MAID ELLICE; a Novel. By Theo. Gift, Author of "Pretty Miss Bellew," etc. Leisure Hour Series. [New York: Henry Holt & Co.]

Without possessing the slightest claim to originality of plot, style, or vigor of handling, "Maid Ellice" is a pleasing, gentle little story, well calculated to amuse an idle hour or two. The scene is laid partly in London and partly in one of the rural districts of England. "Maid Ellice," herself, is a dear little South American, whose gentle sorrows and woes appeal to the reader's sympathies. The best character in the story is that of Margaret, farmer Herne's daughter, and in spite of being an overdrawn, most unlovely and impossible person, she has some good strong points about her that are better drawn than would be expected in such an exceedingly mild and prettily written story.

LIKE UNTO LIKE. By Sherwood Bonner. [New York: Harper & Brothers.]

Number nine of Harper's Library of American Fiction is no better than the average of its predecessors; it has the fatal fault of being dull. The chief personages have certain very strongly marked qualities, but fail of being lifelike. The hero is unpleasant in spite of his philanthropy and capacity for writing deeply-impassioned love-letters, and the heroine is not charming in spite of the beauty and intellect ascribed to her. There is a great deal of sentiment of an ordinary sort expressed in the extraordinarily high-flown language. It is only as a hopeful promise of better things to come that this book deserves commendation.

THE BROKEN WALLS OF JERUSALEM AND THE REBUILDING OF THEM. By the Author of "Wide, Wide World," "Old Helmet," etc. [New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.]

This little volume, as the author explains in the preface, is the continuation of the same subject heretofore written upon and presented to the world under the name of the "King-

dom of Judah," and the matter is drawn from the same sources as that of the preceding volume. A party of young people travelling in the Holy Land are interested in the history of the Jews. An uncle, also a member of the party, is able to give, or help them to, much information on the subject; and as the information is given in the form of pleasant conversations, the book is likely to form a valuable addition to any Sunday-school library.

MRS. BURNETT'S EARLIER STORIES: "Lindsay's Luck," "Pretty Polly Pemberton," and "Kathleen." By Frances Hodgson Burnett. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.]

After the very dignified and graceful apology for the appearance of these little stories before the public in book form, which the author inserts in each book by way of preface, it would be most ungracious and unkind to criticise them, for she frankly admits them to be "youthful stories." As such they display many indications of much greater possibilities so entirely and grandly fulfilled in "That Lass o' Lowrie's," one of the marked books of its day and age. The artistic covers are quite perfect in their way—unique, but wonderfully attractive—quite in keeping with what one has learned to expect from this popular house.

LITERATURE.

THE Rev. Dr. W. J. Seabury has printed a reverent little manual of "Suggestions in aid of Devotion and Godliness," designed chiefly for choristers.

THE Rev. W. C. Winslow has prepared three new lectures on "The Prose and Poetry of Bells," taking up in turn the history, literature, and the science of bells. He is giving them in some of the church lecture courses in and about Boston.

POTT, YOUNG & Co. will publish early in the coming year the authorized life of the late Bishop Selwyn, edited by the Rev. H. W. Tucker. The work will be accompanied by two portraits, a large map, and fac-simile letters containing sketches.

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & Co. will publish early in December "The Canterbury Pilgrimage," a series of graphic sketches by Bishop Bedell, on the Lambeth Conference and the Sheffield Congress. The volume also contains several letters from the continent, and notices of men and things in England, as they appear to an American.

ON the 1st of January next, *Littell's Living Age* begins its one hundred and fortieth volume. It affords a compendium of a current literature which is now richer than ever before in the work of the ablest writers upon all topics of interest. The more numerous the periodicals, the more valuable becomes a work like this, which gives the best of all. Its importance to American readers can hardly be overestimated.

AN interesting book has just been produced by the heliotype process—a *fac-simile* of the engravings of the tapestries in the British House of Lords, representing the several engagments between the famous Spanish armada and the English fleet. Many portraits are included, plans of the sea coast of the British Islands, and of the places where the actions occurred; and the original descriptive letterpress is copied with all its quaintness of expression and typography.

THE Franklin Square Library edition of Harper's popular novels grows rapidly. Among recent issues are "Time Shall Try," by F. E. M. Notley, an English romance of some merit, which has been, during the past year, running as a serial in one of the prominent religious magazines. "The Bachelor of the Albany" also appears in this convenient form. It is a reprint which will please the many who are familiar with this famous novel. "Cleveden," by Stephen Yorke, is hardly worthy of a place in this collection, being weakly sensational and decidedly sentimental. "The Mistletoe Bough," edited by M. E. Braddon, is a collection of short stories issued as a Christmas magazine—a kind of literature very popular in England. It would be a pity to adopt the custom in this country, unless better material could be furnished than the highly sensational and blood-curdling ghost stories which go to make up a large share of the "Mistletoe Bough." The whole collection goes to show that Miss Braddon does not use as much discrimination in selecting as she does in writing stories even. "Rare Pale Margaret," in spite of its very romantic title, is a sensible story of a sensible girl, who seems to have been anything but *pale*, and not at all too good for every-day companionship. Some of the incidents are well told, and "the boys" are life-like and natural. "Guy Livingston," by George Lawrence, author of "Sword and Gown," etc., has been probably as much read as any other of its class written in the English language. Its reprint in the present form, therefore, seems only likely to increase the number of its admirers. "Love's Crosses," by F. E. M. Notley, author of "Time Shall Try," etc., is of much the same character as "Time Shall Try." It is a more readable story, of considerable force and some clever writing. The ending, a sad and uncertain one, is a little out of the common run, and lends interest to the story.

OF Harper's Half-Hour Series has been issued lately "Professor Pressensé, Materialist and Inventor," by John Esten Cooke, a capitally told, extremely interesting little story, one of the best things that Mr. Cooke has ever written and well worth reading. "Sir Roger De Coverley," from the *Spectator*, with notes by Mr. Henry Mills, in this form is a most agreeable surprise, and Mr. Mills's notes give a good deal of valuable information upon topics touched upon in this new old and old new romance. Sir Roger has had and has too many lovers and admirers, is too real a person to so many people, to make commendation upon our part necessary, valuable, or anything but seeming presumption in criticising so old a gentleman. Suffice it to say that in his present dress he loses nothing at all in interest. "The Romance of a Back Street," by F. W. Robinson, author of "Little Kate Kirby," etc., etc., is exactly what its title explains it to be, and this, allow the fact to be remarked, is a most unusual thing with a book nowadays. Dealing entirely, as Mr. Robinson is fond of doing, with the lower classes, quite a readable story is made out of the fact that a boy of the lowest strata of London poor, who fell in love with the wrong woman, who notwithstanding the fact that she was only part needle-woman, part owner in the most forlorn of "Fancy Repositories," had quite as great a capacity for making the poor hero miserable from the results of unrequited affection as if she were of much importance in the world. The lady taking unto herself another man for a husband, leaves nothing for poor John to do but to enlist, which he accordingly does, and dies before his first battle of yellow fever. It's a bright little book, and worth reading. "A Dark Inheritance," by Mary Cecil Hay, author of "Old Middleton's Money," etc., etc. This prolific writer, who won unto herself some fame by means of the serial published several years ago in THE CHURCHMAN, called "Old Middleton's Money," is still going on adding to her laurels, having published a number of novels since the first which brought her before the public. The present little story, entirely unpretentious, is nevertheless a pleasing one in spite of its sad beginning and the uncertainty of what's going to happen any hour, which puzzles the reader through its small pages. The happy ending, however, sets every one's mind at rest. Everything is as it should be except that we are left in doubt as to the happiness of the brother who went and married a woman of whom the sister and storyteller disapproves. However, we trust that it was no more unhappy than the generality of such cases.

SCIENCE.

THE commission which investigated the yellow fever epidemic at the South made a report recently to the American Public Health Association, in session at Richmond, Va. The report contains much information about the introduction and progress of the disease. It states that it was introduced into the South, at New Orleans, by the bark "Emily Souder," on May 23d. The report and the discussion of it show clearly three things—that the physicians know of no antidote for the yellow fever poison; that the ordinary disinfectants are of no use in arresting the disease, and that rigorous quarantine will prevent its introduction.

IN a new micrometer, designed by M. Govi specially for meteorological researches, the threads or wires are replaced by the two edges of a slit made in a very thin layer of silver, gold, platinum, or other unalterable metal, deposited on the surface of a glass plate having perfectly plane and parallel faces. Such metallic layers may be got sufficiently opaque, with the thickness of a few hundred thousandths of a millimetre. The slit is produced by means of a light steel tracer. The advantages of the micrometer lie in the extreme fineness and superior opacity of the metallic layer, its rigidity and unalterability under the thermometric and hygrometric changes, the ease with which slits can be made as narrow or as wide as one may wish, and facility of substitution of different plates.

THE London *Lancet* says: Professor Barff's invaluable invention, by means of which he gives to ordinary iron an incorrodible coating of the magnetic oxide, is one which is likely to be of great service to the cause of practical hygiene. We have lately had an opportunity of visiting Professor Barff's laboratory, and of seeing his process and its results. The process is exceedingly simple, and consists merely in the subjecting of iron to the action of superheated steam—steam having a temperature of 1,500 deg. F. We saw watertroughs and saucepans which had been left filled with water for weeks, but upon which no particle of rust was visible. Iron piping and ornamental castings were lying among the wet leaves in the garden outside the laboratory, and had been lying there for seven months past, but the atmosphere had been unable to exert any action upon them whatever. The cost of the process is but trifling, and is cheaper, we believe, than "galvanizing," and much cheaper than the constantly recurring necessity of painting. Its applications to sanitary purposes are obvious.

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1. First Sunday in Advent.
6. Friday. Fast.
8. Second Sunday in Advent.
13. Friday. Fast.
15. Third Sunday in Advent.
18. Ember-day. Fast.
20. Ember-day. Fast.
21. St. Thomas. Ember-day.
22. Fourth Sunday in Advent.
25. CHRISTMAS-DAY.
26. St. Stephen.
27. St. John the Evangelist. Fast.
28. Holy Innocents.
29. First Sunday after Christmas.

ADVENT.

FRANCES A. M. JOHNSON.

Oh, why, dear Heavenly Bridegroom,
Dost Thou so long delay
To usher in the glories
Of Thine appearing-day?
We hear Thy coming footsteps
Upon the mountains fall;
But oh, we long to see Thee,
Our Lord, our Love, our All.

The world, grown dark and evil,
Thine absence doth not grieve,
It loveth not its Saviour,
Nor doth in Him believe;
Thy widowed Bride sits lonely
In deepest weeds of woe,
And pleasant bread refuseth,
Bereft of Thee below.

Her virgins, worn with watching,
And some with lamps burned out,
Locked fast in midnight slumber
Thy coming even doubt.
Oh, leap across the valleys,
And wake the midnight cry
Along earth's sleeping highways,
"The Bridegroom draweth nigh!"

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CHAPTER XII.

How Gabrielle Kept her Word.

More than an hour had elapsed, and still the governor had not returned. They began to be uneasy in the castle on account of his staying out, for the coachman, who had come back alone with the Baroness Harder, had reported that his master was at the scene of commotion. They knew, of course, in the government building, that something was going on, but had no definite intelligence about it, for the servants had a standing order not to leave the castle on such occasions, and not one of the clerks who lived there ventured into the always dangerous tumult. Only Counsellor Moser, who happened accidentally to be in town, seemed to be held fast there. He, too, had not come back, and was apparently waiting for the re-establishment of quiet in order to pass without peril through the streets.

The baron's study was already lighted up. The lamp hanging from the ceiling shed its bright light over the whole apartment, which even now did not lose its grave and gloomy character. The deep niche of the bow-window alone lay in the full shadow, and there, half hidden behind the heavy curtains, stood Gabrielle. To-day she could not endure her mother's section of the house, which was situated on the other side; but had sought out her guardian's study, which she had never entered before without some especial cause, for it offered a full view of the city. The drawing on of darkness soon, indeed, put a limit to any observation; in truth the castle was much too far from the centre of the town to admit of anything being remarked that took place there; but from the window one could at least overlook the lighted road that led to the castle mountain. Any one coming could be perceived while already at a distance, and therefore the young maiden stirred not from this place.

It was indeed no longer our earlier acquaintance, Gabrielle Harder, who stood there so still and pale, with convulsively clasped hands, leaning against the window, and gazing out as though her eye could and would pierce through the darkness. That waiting, so full of agony and despair, completed what the last weeks had begun, viz., the awakening from that child's dream with which the young maiden had so long deceived herself and others. In and about her all had been sunshine up to the moment when a single glance had revealed to her the depth of a hitherto unsuspected passion. Then the first shadow had fallen upon her path, which would not again retreat. The butterfly nature, which had once fluttered sportively over all betokening grief and pain, vanished as the sunshine withdrew from her life; and what forced its way up under the exorcism of that look was an impulsive, passionate young creature, who could no longer be exempted from taking her own share in conflict and in pain. Now when, for the first time in her life, Gabrielle trembled for a life that she knew to be threatened, she felt too what that life was to her. It was in vain to deceive herself any longer on the subject.

The second hour was already half expired, and still neither the governor himself had arrived nor any news of him. Gabrielle had opened the window in the hope of hearing the carriage which must bring him for whom she waited, but still the road was empty and deserted, and the lantern flames flickered restlessly up and down in the ever-increasing violence of the wind.

At last the longed-for sound was heard; it is true, no rattling of wheels, but the voices and footsteps of several persons, who now also emerged from the darkness. They came nearer, the voices grew more distinct, and a half-suppressed scream of joy escaped from Gabrielle's lips. She had recognized the figure of Raven, who came up the road on foot, in company with several gentlemen, and in a few minutes he stood within the bright circle of light around the portal.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said he, standing still. "You see it was not needful for you to urge your attendance upon me; we have not been insulted during the whole of the way back. I told you the tumult was completely over—for the present."

"Yes; your excellency only quelled it by your timely apparition," chimed in the voice of Counsellor Moser, who stood beside his chief. "They were in the act of storming the city prison and setting free the prisoners when you so unexpectedly appeared. I saw with admiration how your excellency tamed the rebellious mob by the mere weight of your presence, and brought them to order after the police director, with his whole *posse*, had made the attempt in vain."

The police director, who was likewise in attendance on the governor, seemed to take the remark ill, for he replied with unmistakable mischief:

"Assuredly, counsellor, you could judge best from the window, and had, moreover, the pleasant sensation of being in fullest security, while Baron von Raven and I were in the worst of the tumult."

"I perceived the impossibility of getting to my chief," declared the counsellor, "else surely I would have tried"——

"Not so!" interrupted the baron. "For you it would have been quite a useless risk, while for the police director and myself it was a duty. You are to abide then by the regulations agreed upon," he said, turning to the latter. "I hope they will suffice for the night. To-morrow Colonel Wilten comes back, and I shall immediately concert such measures with him as shall, once for all, hinder the recurrence of such scenes. For the present everything necessary has been done. Contrary to expectation, if those excesses should be repeated at any point of the city whatever, then send me word. Good evening, gentlemen."

He dismissed his companions with a short nod, and stepped into the portal. Gabrielle softly closed the window; she wanted to leave the room; the baron should not find her here; but it was too late. He must have mounted the stairs in stormy haste, for already she heard his step in one of the adjoining rooms, and at the same time heard him ask:

"How? You say Miss von Harder is not in her apartments?"

"Her ladyship is in your excellency's study," answered the servant's voice, "and has been waiting there already more than an hour."

No answer followed, but the step came nearer with redoubled speed; the door was torn open, and Raven entered. His first glance fell on Gabrielle, who had left the window, and now stood there trembling in every limb. He divined wherefore she had waited for him just there, and the next instant was at her side.

"I went to look for you in your own rooms and heard that you were here," said he, his voice sounded breathlessly eager. "It was not possible for me to send you a comforting message. The disturbance has just been quelled. For the moment all is quiet. I have lost no time in hurrying hither."

Gabrielle would have answered, but voice was denied her, and not a sound crossed her lips. Raven looked into the pretty, pale face, on which it was still plain enough to read what had been the torture of these last hours. He made a movement as though he would have pressed the young maiden to his breast, but his accustomed self-control gained the victory. He let his arm drop again, but a deep sigh forced its way from his breast.

"And now, Grbrielle," said he, "repeat to me the words with which you thrust me from you awhile ago in the carriage."

"What words?" asked Gabrielle in anguish of spirit.

"The untruth with which you sought to deceive yourself and me! Repeat to me now, eye to eye, that you love Winterfeld, him alone, and would belong to him! If you can, you shall hear not another word or entreaty from me; but—utter it once more!"

The young girl shrank back.

"Leave me. I—— For God's sake, leave me!"

* Copyrighted by Mary Stuart Smith, 1878.

"No, Gabrielle, I will not leave you!' burst forth Raven with intense passion. "For once it shall be spoken—what you have long known, and what I knew from the day when for the first time I looked into those sunny childlike eyes. But I heard out of your own mouth that you loved another. The elderly man, by thirty years your senior, with hair turning gray and unrequited affections, would have been the butt of ridicule if he had acknowledged the truth, and by heaven I would not be ridiculous. To-day, though, I saw how you trembled on my account, how you would have cast yourself into the midst of the danger which threatened me, in order to stay beside me, and now you dare not repeat those words, because you feel that they contain a lie which we two must pay for with our happiness. There must, at last, be a clear understanding between us. I love you, Gabrielle, and have struggled against this love with the whole force of my will and pride. The dream should be over! That presumptuous speech has been severely enough revenged. The instant I wanted to crush her, passion rose up in all her giant strength, and taught me to know her power. I veiled my feelings to you under a mask of rudeness and icy reserve. I sought deliverance in separation, in work, in contest with the unfriendly elements which now exalt themselves against me on every side—it was in vain. I had torn myself away from you, and your image stood before me in wakeful hours as well as in my dreams; it forced its way into the most solitary hours of study here in my own room and out-of-doors, amid scenes of most restless activity, and if I bared my brow to the assaults of my adversaries, then it broke like sunshine through the storm-cloud which enveloped me, and concentrated every thought and feeling upon yourself, and yourself alone. You *must* be mine or I must have you leave me forever; any third course would only bring ruin upon us both. Answer, Gabrielle. Whom do you love? For whom was that anguish and tenderness which I read in your looks? I am waiting for your decision."

He stood before her as though actually awaiting sentence of life or death. Gabrielle had listened, half bewildered, to that outbreak of a passion which found only too loud an echo in her own breast. What Raven had expressed was only the reëcho of her own feelings. She too had wrestled and struggled with her love; she too had sought to flee before a power from whose reach there was no escape. Before that glowing flame which burst forth with elemental fury from the inner being of that otherwise so cold and sober man everything gave way, all that had hitherto represented life and love in the maiden's eye, yes, even that dream of her youth, which once promised to fill the whole of her life. It had been nothing but a dream, with dreamily dim emotions and forebodings, which were just now assuming form and shape. Gabrielle was awake now; she looked genuine passion full in the face, and although she felt that yon volcanic nature, with its gloomy depths and its blazing fire, would be far more likely to destroy than bless, she no longer trembled before it. What she had hitherto termed happiness paled and vanished away like an empty shadow before the ardent blast which met her here.

The young girl made one more last effort to cling to the past.

"George—he loves and trusts me—he will be miserably wretched if I desert him."

"Call not that name!" Raven started up, his eye flashing forth fiercest hatred. "Never again remind me that *that* man is the only thing which stands between me and my happiness! It might be fatal for him. Woe to him if he should try to hold you to your overhasty word. I will release you from it, be it by gentleness or force. What are you to that Winterfeld, what can you be to him? He may love you in his way, but he will drag you down into every-day love, and give you only every-day love, nothing more. If he loves you he will get over it and find compensation for it in his future, his calling, or in another attachment. Such impassive natures know not the meaning of despair; nothing hurls them out of their path; quietly and dutifully they pursue their way. I"—here the baron lowered his voice, hatred vanished from his features, and his harsh tone softened more and more, until it finally melted into tenderness itself—"I have never loved, have never known what it was to indulge in reveries and dreams. In the restless chase after power and glory the desire after that happiness was lost, which, now so late, has been aroused within me. Now, in the autumn of my life the veil is rent, and shows me what I lost, without ever having possessed it. Am I really to lose it forever? Do you dread the gap between us made by the difference of our ages? I can no longer offer you youth, it is gone; but the devotion which goes forth to you from the soul of the man is far more fervent and strong than all the fancies of youth; it expires only with life itself. Say that you will belong to me and I shall surround you with everything that love, nay, idolatry, can procure. I will encounter every storm in your stead, avert every danger impending over your head, and if a storm actually threatens us it shall not touch you; my arms are strong enough to protect so cherished a being. You are only to be the sunbeam of my life, are only to shine and bless. However I have hitherto striven and wrestled, that beam was missing for me, and now that it has once shone upon me I cannot again close my eye against its light. Gabrielle, be my wife, my happiness—my all!"

Infinite tenderness breathed forth from these words. Tempestuous ardor was lost in soft tremulous sounds, such as never before had issued from Arno von Raven's lips, and at the same time his arm encircled the delicate form, and drew it close and closer, but unresistingly. to himself. Gabrielle let it be so. There was again a spell about her, sweet and agitating, such as had been once the work of the splashing fountain, and now, as then, she suffered herself to be drawn irresistibly away out of the clear sunlight, in which she had hitherto breathed, into unknown depths. It seemed to her as though she must sink away, and as if it were bliss to sink away, into utter nothingness, encircled by that arm.

A knock at the door startled up both Gabrielle and the baron. It might have been repeated already several times without having been heard, for it sounded uncommonly loud and sharp, piercing like a cutting discord into the brief happiness of that hour.

"What is the matter?" cried Raven, starting up. "I will not be disturbed."

"Pardon me, your excellency," sounded the servant's voice from outside. "A courier has just arrived from the capital. He has orders to deliver his dispatches only to your excellency in person, and desires to be instantly admitted.

The baron slowly released the young maiden from his arms.

"Thus am I awakened from my dream of love," said he bitterly. "Not even these few minutes are allowed me. It seems, indeed, as if I were never to dream and love. The courier must wait for a few moments," added he then aloud; "I shall have him called."

The servant moved away. Raven turned again to Gabrielle, but he looked at her in perplexity.

"What is the matter, then? You have all of a sudden turned pale as death. It is some important message from the capital which concerns me alone; a business matter, nothing more. It might, indeed, have arrived at a different time."

Gabrielle had in truth become very pale. That knocking, just at the moment when the decisive yes was trembling on her lips, penetrated her thrillingly, like the foreboding of some evil. She did not know herself why her thoughts would fly to George and his words of farewell as soon as she heard that announcement. He was indeed in the capital, and there something was stirring against the baron.

"I am going," said she hastily. "You must receive the courier. Let me go!"

Raven once more clasped her to his heart.

"And you will leave me without an answer? Am I to doubt and fear still longer that the other will step between us? Go; but leave behind you your yes. It is spoken in a single second. Only that one word, then I'll detain you no longer."

"Give me till to-morrow!" sounded the young girl's voice in touching accents of entreaty. "Do not now demand of me a decision; do not force it, Arno, I implore you."

A gleam of joy flitted across the baron's face, as, for the first time, he heard his name called by her mouth without that other word which suggested the relative and the guardian. Quickly and fervently he pressed his lips upon her brow.

"Be it so. I will have nothing of you by force. I shall believe only what your eyes told me. Till to-morrow, then—till so far—farewell, my Gabrielle."

He attended her to the second door of the apartment, which led into his library. Thence they reached the corridor, and the young lady had hardly left the latter when in the baron's study the bell was already ringing which summoned the courier. Arno Raven had indeed little time to indulge himself in love-dreams; he was inexorably dragged back again into the world of the real.

Gabrielle had locked herself up in her own room. The decisive word had not yet been uttered; but the decision itself had already been pronounced. The hour just lived through had broken off short the bridge to the past, till there was no longer any return. Though George himself had now stepped between to guard and maintain his rights, it would have been too late, he had already lost her; what had not been possible for the youth, with all his enthusiasm and sincerity, the older man had attained by his late but so much more glowing passion. He had chained to himself the whole soul of the maiden, so that there was no more room in it for any other. Arno Raven alone ruled in all Gabrielle's thoughts and feelings, and he ruled also in her dreams, when, finally, long past midnight, she fell into a short and troubled sleep.

rge's image did not emerge from those ams in which the events of the last hours e intermingled in confused, fantastic fash- . Only one single figure occupied the ground, and with it was enwoven the re- mbrance of to-day's ride through the ky autumn landscape at even-tide, lower- clouds overhead, and in the far-off sky a eak of flaming red.

Chapter XIII.

The Brewing Storm Breaks Forth at Last."

'That's unheard of. Such a thing has er happened before. I cannot believe my n eyes. It undermines all authority, eatens the government, shakes the pillars State—it is frightful!"

t was Counsellor Moser who addressed se words to the police director in tones of pest pathos. The latter had been to the rernor's house, and was just coming down front stairs on his way out.

'Do you mean those disturbances in the ?" asked the latter, with a slightly scorn- smile. "Yes, things went pretty badly terday evening."

"Who speaks of that?" cried the counsel- . "Those are excesses of the people, to bridled and mastered, in case of necessity, military aid. But if the revolution pene- tes into the circle of clerks, if men who called to represent and support the govern- nt attack it in such a manner, then all ler ceases. Who would have supposed it Assessor Winterfeld, who always was held be a model clerk? To be sure, I was al- ys suspicious of him. His lack of loyalty, disposition to oppose, his dangerous polit- l connections, inspired me with anxiety g ago, and I mentioned it on one particular asion to his excellency; but the baron uld not hear of it. He had a predilection the assessor, and just lately opened up to n the most brilliant career, by transferring in to the capital, and now this traitor re- ites him with such black ingratitude."

"You are speaking of Winterfeld's piece, you?" asked the police director. "Have u that pamphlet already in your hands? cannot have reached R—— till just this rning."

"I obtained it accidentally, by means of a lleague, into whose hands it fell immedi- ly upon arrival. An abominable piece of rk altogether. It is sheer rebellion; that what it is. There are things said in it out his excellency, things—— Please just ll me how anything of the sort could be inted and circulated! Have you taken no ps yet for its suppression?"

"I have had neither orders nor inducement do so," declared the police director, whose ol composure formed a singular contrast to oser's excitement. "The pamphlet has ade its appearance in the capital, and it uld be too late entirely to prevent its cir- lation. In general, there is no suppressing merely unpleasant expressions, as used to done in former days. Times have changed a certain extent. But as regards this docu- ent in particular I am exactly of your opin- n. It is, in fact, the strongest thing that s ever been said to the face of a represent- ive of government."

"And it has been done by a clerk who rked in my chancery, under my very es," cried the counsellor, filled with dis- ay. "But he has been led away and mis ided. I always told him that his connec- n with those Swiss democrats would bring him into trouble. I know who is at the bottom of the whole affair, who is alone to blame for it—that Dr. Brunnow, who has been staying here for weeks already, under pretext of looking into an inheritance which has fallen to him, and has no idea yet of taking his departure."

"Because endless difficulties and obstructions are put in the way of his obtaining his property. The gentlemen of the robe actually make him suffer more than is reasonable for being his father's son, and, in this case, his proxy. But for this he lately called them to account in such drastic style that they were quite overcome by it, and really pretend now to be hurrying up the case. You have a prejudice against the young doctor, counsellor. Really he is not so bad as you suppose."

"That Brunnow is very bad," said the counsellor, whose habitual formality now came again to the surface. "I knew it from the very first day I saw him, and my sagacity in such things is infallible. Since his coming here, we have had disorders in the city, open revolt against those set in authority, and now again this printed attack upon his excellency. I stick to it, this man has come to R—— only to put in commotion, from here out, the city, the province, yes, the whole land."

"Why not, rather, all Europe?" mischievously exclaimed the police director. "You are utterly mistaken. On account of the young man's name, we have never let him out of our eyes; but I assure you that he gives not the slightest occasion for such presumptions. He has neither entered into political relations, nor taken part—directly or indirectly—in the disturbances; but, solitary and alone, goes about his own private affairs. If I, as chief of police, can bear him such testimony, you may well put credit in its truth."

"But he is the son of an old revolutionist," persisted the counsellor, "and the intimate friend of Assessor Winterfeld."

"That is no proof of his being a dangerous political character. His father was, once upon a time, the most intimate friend of the governor."

"Wh— what?" cried Moser bounding backwards. Excellency Von Raven and that Rudolph Brunnow"——

"Were friends at the University, and when they were young—very intimate ones, too; I know this from most reliable sources. I hope you would not accuse Baron von Raven of democratic tendencies. But my time is limited. Adieu, counsellor!"

So saying, the police director left the dumb-founded counsellor standing where he was, and departed from the government building. On his way back to the city he met with the burgomaster.

"Do you come from the castle?" asked the latter. "Have you been to call upon the governor? What has he determined to do?"

The person interrogated shrugged his shoulders.

"What he threatened so early as yesterday —the most unrelenting high-handed measures. As soon as the disturbances are repeated the military are to be called in. Preparations for this are now on foot. Just as I was taking leave Colonel Wilten came in to confer in person, and the result of the conference cannot be doubtful. You know what the baron is; he shrinks back from no act of violence if there is any question about having his own way."

"That cannot be," said the burgomaster uneasily. "The irritation is too great for the calling out of the military to be a mere demonstration. It will come to resistance, to bloodshed. I had, indeed, promised myself not to set foot in the castle again, if not driven to it by necessity; but now I would risk one last effort to ward off that extremity."

"Better let it alone," advised the police director. "I can tell you beforehand that you will gain nothing. The baron is in no mood to-day for compliance; he has gotten news which will put him out of humor for weeks to come."

"I know," interposed the other. "That paper of Assessor Winterfeld. I got it this morning from the capital."

"Then you, too, have knowledge of it already? Well, the preparations for distribution seem to have been excellently contrived. They seem to have dreaded its suppression, and made haste to be beforehand with it. But I believe this to have been a needless anxiety; it looks as though they were willing at court to let the affair run its course."

"Ah, indeed? And what says Raven himself to it? Yet it could hardly have come quite so unexpectedly to him; he must have obtained some hint of it."

"I fear he got no such thing; his whole manner betrayed the fact that the affair was a surprise to him. He wrapped himself up, it is true, in his wonted reserve, yet it could not be wholly concealed how fearful was his agitation and excitement. My hints on this point were received with an asperity which made me deem it better to drop the subject. The attack is indeed an unheard of one, and, moreover, imprudent to a degree. Anything of the sort, if purposed entirely for circulation among the people, is usually sent anonymously into the world. The first violence of the storm raised must first subside before the author permits his name to be given to the public. He must be sought for, guessed at, and not until forced by direst necessity does he emerge from his concealment. The assessor, now, signs his own full name, and does not for an instant leave the world and the governor in doubt as to who the assailant is. He casts down his glove to him before the whole land; the writing is one single accusation from beginning to end."

"And one single truth from beginning to end," ejaculated the burgomaster. "That young man puts us all to the blush. What he now dares should long since have been dared and done. If the resistance of a whole city, if all representations to the government are in vain, the dispute must be brought before the tribunal of the people and there decided. With clear-sightedness Winterfeld has recognized this, and has courageously spoken the first word. Now that the path is once broken, all will follow him."

"Nevertheless he stakes himself and his existence on the game. His writing ventures too much, and however brilliantly it is written, it will likely cost the author dear. Raven, verily, is not the man to let himself be insulted and attacked with impunity. The bold challenger may be the victim of his own rashness."

"Or once and for all wreck the governor's omnipotence. But however the affair ends, it will, at all events, excite a monstrous sensation, and just now in R—— it is precisely the spark in the powder-cask."

"I fear so too," agreed the police director. "It stands to reason that the baron will leave

no stone unturned whereby he may remain master of the situation. Well, whatever he may do, he does at his own peril."

While the two gentlemen were pursuing their way, the conference alluded to had taken place in the governor's study between him and Colonel Wilten. The subject of their conversation must have been of a serious nature, for the colonel, too, looked very serious. Raven was unmoved, according to outward appearance; only the pallid hue of his face, and deeply furrowed brow, betrayed that anything extraordinary had touched him, for, as always, he controlled both voice and manner.

"It stands as it is," said he. "You are to hold the military in readiness to interfere at a minute's warning, and proceed relentlessly just as soon as you are met by opposition. I take the responsibility and all eventual consequences upon myself alone."

"If it must be—certainly," returned the colonel with hesitancy. "You know my opinion, and I do not conceal from you that in the coming emergency I shall shelter myself behind your responsibility."

"I charge myself with the measure in all its bearings. This rebellious R—— must and shall be subdued, at any price. I have now, more than ever, ground for maintaining my unlimited authority intact; they are not to think that it totters under the malignant blow which is dealt me."

"What blow?" asked the colonel.

"Do you not yet know the news from the capital?"

"No, you know I have only been here a few hours."

Raven rose and measured the apartment with hurried strides. When he returned and stood before the colonel it was plain to see what a storm was raging within, in spite of his effort to restrain it.

"Then I recommend you to read Assessor Winterfeld's pamphlet," said he in a tone which was meant to be sarcastic, but sounded extremely angry. "He feels himself called upon to hold me up before the whole country as a despot who regards neither rights nor laws, and has become a bane and a curse to the province entrusted to him. There is a whole register of sins laid to my charge. Encroachments, arbitrary exaction, deeds of violence, and all the bad words you can think of. It would actually be worth the trouble to read the stuff if it were only for the wonder of seeing how presumptuous one of my youngest and most subordinate clerks can be towards his former chief. Up to this time the pamphlet has only been in the hands of a few; tomorrow morning the whole city will know it."

"Good heavens though, why do you let it pass so quietly?" cried the colonel. "A thing of the sort cannot have risen up all of a sudden without preparation; you must have had information of it."

"Certainly; I got it yesterday evening, just about the time when the capital was already deluged with pamphlets, and this one on its way here. The courier delivered to me, at the same time, the minister's sincere regret that the circulation could not have been prevented, so that there was no more chance of the thing being suppressed."

"That is strange," said Wilten surprised. "More than strange. At other times they used to be very exactly informed about all that left the press, and nothing was readily sent out into the world that could be dangerous. As to this writing, it would have been a perfectly easy thing for the government to assume to itself all the insults hurled against me, and thereby suppress the whole thing. But it seems this time that they willed not to do so, and, as they dreaded my energetic interference, they preferred to leave me in complete ignorance, and only communicate the tidings at the last minute, when it was too late."

The colonel looked thoughtfully on the floor.

"You have few friends in the capital and at court. I told you so months ago; they are perpetually caballing and intriguing there against you, and using every effort to undermine your influence. If they find a fit tool into the bargain—— Assessor Winterfeld, to be sure, is at present in the ministry, is he not?"

"Yes, indeed," said the baron with bitterness. "I opened the way to him; I sent my own denouncer to the capital."

"They took violent possession of the young man because they knew that he came directly from your chancery. He has probably only lent his name to an attack which proceeds from a wholly different quarter."

Raven shook his head gloomily.

"That man is no tool in the hands of others; his act comes of his own motion, although it is true that this writing could not have had its origin in the few weeks which have elapsed since his removal. It is the resultant of months, of years perhaps. Here in my chancery, almost under my eyes, this stroke has been planned and contrived. Every word shows it to be a work of time and care."

"And did the assessor never betray himself to you or others?" asked Wilten. "He must have had confederates, certainly a confidant."

The baron's lips quivered, and his gaze was fixed upon the window-niche, whence Gabrielle had yesterday come to meet him.

"I know at least one of his confidants," said he in hollow tones, "and I shall call him to account. As to him—well, we shall see. Between us two there can be only one sort of settlement, but for the present I have to do with other foes. It is a small matter if an Assessor Winterfeld, in virtuous indignation, pronounces me to be a tyrant and my tenure of office a misfortune; others have done the same. But that he can dare proclaim it to the world, and that this venture is suffered, perhaps favored, this it is which gives the affair seriousness and significance. I shall forthwith demand fullest satisfaction from the government, which is itself insulted with me and in me, and if it should make a show of refusing me I shall know how to apply force. It is not the first time that I have been necessitated to address threatening language to the gentlemen of the capital. I have often enough been compelled forcibly to assert my rights when reduced to extremity by the intrigues which issued from their midst."

"You take the matter too seriously," said the colonel consolingly. "You used to meet all attacks with unshaken composure and tranquillity. Why do you suffer yourself, this time, to be discomposed by lies and calumnies?"

The baron drew himself up in all his pride.

"Who says that they are lies? The paper is full of hostility, but untruths it does not contain; and I have no idea of contradicting a single one of the facts maintained in it. What I have done I shall know how to defend, but only in presence of those who have the right to call me to account, not to the first chance individual to whom it occurs to constitute himself my judge. To him and his fellows I shall only return the answer which they deserve."

The conversation was here interrupted, and an announcement being handed to the governor, which the police director had just sent up from the city, Colonel Wilten rose to his feet.

"I am going now to take the measures agreed upon. The baroness arrived safely, I hope? She came with us to the city, but would not accept of my further escort to the castle. And how is Miss von Harder? She must have been in the midst of yesterday's disturbances."

"I do not know," said Raven shortly, almost rudely. "I have not seen her yet this morning, and was also too busy to be able to receive my sister-in-law. I shall go across to them later."

He held out his hand to the colonel, who now withdrew, while the baron returned to his desk, where lay the dispatches of yesterday, in order to begin a letter to the minister without delay.

(*To be continued.*)

LYDIA MARY FAY.

While the names of Ricci, Verbiest-Schaal, and a few olden time foreigners are embalmed in Chinese literature, *Miss Fay alone, of modern sinologues, has been thought worthy of notice by Chinese scholars.*

Tsi-Wang, the author of "Pencil Sketches of Things Heard and Seen," was a resident of Shanghai. His father, a scholar of eminence, filled the post of Superintendent of Literary Examinations; but he himself declined office, and devoted himself exclusively to literary pursuits. The best known of his works, "Pencillings," is a book of anecdotes and reflections, in ten small volumes. It has already come to be regarded as a classical production.

He makes the following remarks about Miss Fay:

"I am told by a learned friend that there is a foreign lady named Fay, who has a school in Hong Kew. She is of middle age and unmarried, yet with a face as fresh as a peach or an almond blossom, and a nature cold as ice, and pure as the falling snow. She loves Chinese books, and has the scholar Tsang Chu-Kwei for her teacher. She speaks Chinese, having mastered the tones and combinations of sounds, daily increasing her knowledge by the study of the 'Imperial Dictionary' (Kanghi). Living thus, her pure nature and love of study supersede all family ties and joys. This is a woman to be reverenced. To this true lover of study, Lady Fay, praise can add no merit."

We need not say how glad we are to be able to add here the testimony of so distinguished a scholar as S. Wells Williams, LL.D., of Yale College:

My first thought in writing to you on learning the lamented death of Miss Fay, and joining in the tribute justly due to her character and works, is that, however sad it may be to us to see a useful life end in the midst of its usefulness, not a kernel of the wheat garnered in by the great Husbandman is unripe, nor a stone fitted for His living temple by the great Builder is unsuited to its place. If all God's works are thus perfect, such a life as hers, even though we cannot here see its ripeness and completeness, must furnish us much for our encouragement and instruction.

I first became acquainted with Miss Fay in 1856, and soon saw that the tuition and training of the lads under her care was a heart work, which drew out all her strength, thoughts, time, and hopes on its full accom-

ıment. That it was well done is now to een in the character and position of many er pupils who have long since entered on life-work. When she took the school entered upon the thorough study of the uage and literature of China, in order to erself for teaching them the better in nowledge; she soon became interested in ursuit, and to the end of life her appreci- n of the works of Confucius and Mencius eased. All that was true and good nose writings she regarded as coming the Infinite Source of truth and good- ; and she led her pupils to make parisons, and give a juster value to own authors, as they learned the perfect ls of GOD. Miss Fay's interest in Chinese ature was subordinated to the improve- t of her scholars, but when increasing kness laid her aside from active teaching, e early researches furnished constant en- ıent to her mind.

y intimate acquaintance with her began n I came down from Peking in November, , in order to print my Syllabic Dictionary. arrived from America during the next th, and willingly agreed to my proposal d in the revision of the manuscript, which examined together, so that she should v just what was to be done. Her old ıer, Tsang, happily, was able to reënter service, and soon became much interested aking the work both accurate and full. teen months soon passed away in this ner, and the feeling that Miss Fay and enthusiastic assistant had revised every of the 60,000 phrases in it, removed much y anxiety lest numerous slips and errors ld creep in unnoticed.

ıe death of this man by apoplexy is thus red to in a letter received from Miss Fay July:

Did I tell you of the very sudden death y old teacher Tsang, who had been my d and guide in Chinese studies for more fifteen years? He was the one who the manuscript of your Dictionary with and knew by heart every character and y definition in it. He had a wonderful ory, and was so amiable, too; and I de- ed so much on him for my Chinese wledge that his sudden death was a great to me. He was with me on the 1st of ber, seemingly in good health; but as I ed for him the next morning, his brother ed into my study to say he was dead. It a terrible shock. There lay his open book his half-closed fan, just as he had left the evening before, and his empty chair. uld not believe I should never see him n. I can never hope to get another teach- e him; nor have I tried, or even opened inese book since in the way of study. I I was all too fond of it, and perhaps stud- when I ought to have been teaching, or ing after the hundred boys I had in my rent schools."

that unconscious biography which we constantly writing of ourselves when we e familiar letters, Miss Fay delineated y of her traits of character, and motives, e justest manner. In one of the many before me, she describes her feelings at g laid aside:

I doubt not that severe illness or suf- g of any kind brings us nearer our venly Father; and I often feel that all eal value of theology may be comprised hat one line of the old hymn, 'Only s can do helpless sinners good.' To me great trial of sickness is being laid aside work. The pain, the nauseous medi- , the bitter draughts, the sharp remedies, s nothing to that of doing nothing, see- one's duties accumulating week after , month after month, until the very ght of so much work undone is a weari- and trial beyond all others. Ah! I have h need that you should remind me, 'They serve who only stand and wait,' and must it in mind, for the doctor says I must not expect, or even try, to work among the Chinese as in past days. I shall need much patience in the effort to do cheerfully and lovingly the little that I am able, resting upon the promise, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.'"

Twenty-eight years spent in this useful and laborious life brought with it many of the disappointments, trials, and weary days which every worker in the MASTER's vineyard must bear; but Miss Fay endured to the end, and in singleness of purpose carried on her oversight of the schools. She wrote many short contributions to magazines and the local foreign papers, and published a good translation of the various official documents connected with the Emperor Tungchi's marriage in October, 1872. But I do not think that she wrote much in Chinese, for she had no time to do so amid the constant oversight of her schools. I remember her expressing her relief on one occasion that vacation had come, and the boys were all going home for a little while, and stillness would once more pervade the house. But in less than a week she was awakened one morning by the usual din of a Chinese school-house, where the boys all scream as they memorize their lessons, and soon learned that it was the clamor made by her own pupils. Soon tiring of the dullness of their homes, they had come back to school to study by themselves, and were there altogether vociferating English in every imaginable key, and repeating bits of every sort of lesson in a kind of babel as comical as it was unexpected.

You will have so many better notices of Miss Fay's life and labors, my dear sir, that I will not lengthen these remarks. I was one of the large party of her sincere friends which met at the opening of Duane Hall, in Shanghai, on the 8th of November, 1876, to join our thanks with hers to the gracious Providence who had watched over us during the many years some of us had spent in China, and congratulate her on the opening she had done so much to bring about. You have read the notice of the meeting, and there never was a more cordial and graceful testimonial given to any Missionary in China than Miss Fay received at this time. It was the closing scene of my acquaintance with her; and completed, too, in a pleasant manner, my own work in China in the same good cause. Miss Fay has written her record in many minds which will revive and continue her work among their countrymen, and be her crown of glory at the last day.

Even while we write there comes a mail from China, bringing dates to the 15th of October. Speaking upon the one topic which engrossed their thoughts, the Rev. Dr. Nelson says:

No member of our Mission was with Miss Fay—a source of vain regret to us; but she had kind friends, and a skilful physician from Shanghai, in the hotel with her, from whom she received all necessary care and attention. Besides . . . a resident physician of Che-Foo attended her. The Missionaries there did what they could for her, and the landlady of the hotel showed every attention in her power. One English lady of this place, who went to Che-Foo on the same steamer with Miss Fay, was with her very constantly and to the end. . . . The last week of her life was passed in a state of half or total unconsciousness. She expressed strong desire . . . to be brought home to Shanghai, but . . . heavy weather and Miss Fay's own weak state prevented. She died about fifteen minutes after ten o'clock on Saturday night, October 5th, and was buried the next afternoon. The funeral was attended by a large portion of the community, both visitors and residents. The flag of the United States Consulate was put at half-mast that day, as a mark of respect to Miss Fay.

Miss Fay's health has been a source of anxiety to me for more than a year; but such was her reluctance to have anything written about her condition that I rarely made mention of it.—*Advance pages of Spirit of Missions.*

ADVENT SEASON.

BY THE REV. T. JEFFERSON DANNER.

Once more the threshold of the circling year
Of solemn fasts and feasts our footsteps press.
With mingled joy and holy, reverent fear
We enter! Sure the Master true will bless
His faithful people, who, with souls intent,
Hail the first—and heed the warnings
Of the second Advent.

I.

Sad, woful strain—the bitter *curse*
That broke o'er Eden's fair retreat;
Bright, hopeful strain—the *promise* high
Of death o'ercome and Satan's sore defeat.

Prophetic voices rang the ages through
The lowly Advent of th' Incarnate Lord:
Or singing of His wondrous power and love,
Their strains to highest rapture soared.

Types, shadows, sacrificial altars, priestly rites—
Towards one unfailing epoch bent—
Marked with grand, majestic, solemn step,
The deep unfoldings of Divine intent.

All shadows ceasing—the world in waiting,
Th' eternal Son of God Most High,
Came down to earth in form most lowly,
As man, for men to toil and die.

II.

As with steadfast look, in deep amazement,
The disciples saw their Lord ascend,
"Two angels in the form of men" declared:
"Thus in *glory* shall the Lord descend."

Aye, in the day of His second coming,
No lowly notes shall Him attend:
But clothed in majesty—angelic hosts attending—
To Him, in adoration, every knee shall bend.

Dread day! towards which, with anxious heart
And watchful eye, we are taught to look,
What mighty signs shall mark thy dawn?
Who but shall dread the opened "book"?

As Judge and King the Master comes!
For thus the Scripture warning runs:
"Before the judgment throne of God shall stand,
"In marshalled hosts, earth's myriad sons."

'Tis thus, amid these gathering winter days,
When sounds anew the awakening trumpet-call,
That searching fears low tune our lays
And the Church's strains to lower measures fall:
Until, in anthem high and carol gladsome, free,
We joyous hail the feast of Christ's nativity.

Amid the gathering shadows of the judgment throne
Awakened souls their death-like slumbers cease.
Jesu! Who thyself life's bitter trials hast known,
In us the "manifold gifts of grace" increase.
So strengthened, shall we toil and watch and pray,
And hopeful wait Thy second Advent-day.

Advent, 1878.

LIFE.

Is it Better Never to Have Been Born?

BY ELLEN M. FOGG.

"I am fast growing gray; getting to be a faded, worn-out old lady, and I suspect by the time I am forty, I shall be confirmed in the belief that it would be better never to have been born." Such were the words that recently fell on my ear. What a sad commentary, I thought, is that one sentence on the life of a worldling! Were it the utterance of only one disappointed individual, it might pass by like the idle wind; but it is the sentiment of thousands. It is the surging of a troubled sea, whose tossing waves hear not

the whisper of the Saviour's voice, "Peace, be still." In whatever social circle one may move, there are the disappointed and the afflicted; some whose fortunes have been wrecked, or whose hopes of a fortune, or of success in some great career, have been blasted; some whose lives have been embittered by disease or crime; whose paths have been repeatedly crossed and torn up by the sirocco of misfortune; or whose homes have been desolated by the destroying angel, and the perpetual cry is, "Would that I had never been born!" I heard a Christian woman say not long ago, "I pity every child that is born into the world." I heard another, an intellectual woman, say, "I want to hurry through life as fast as possible, and have done with it." This last is a woman tender toward animals, enraged if she sees one abused; she will pick up a half-starved cat in the street, and carry it home in her arms; will even step off from the sidewalk to avoid treading on a worm, but she is hard toward her fellow-men, and is rebellious against God. What means this despairing cry? Must there not be something fearfully wrong somewhere, for such an idea of life to find lodgement in any human heart? What is this life, that seems so dark and burdensome, that so many recklessly throw away, and so many more would throw away if they dared? What is it but a great and magnificent gift of God? Is it not that for which Christ died? Did He not come to give life, and to give it "more abundantly"?

Eliminate from life all its sorrows, all its disappointments, and what then? What would become of that strong character which is built up only by stern conflict; by noble, untiring resistance to doubt, to wrong, to discouragement? Ah! there is not faith enough in life; not faith enough in Him who is the Lord of life. There are grand possibilities even now and here, and Christ has made the eternal and glorious future possible to all. "Because I live, ye shall live also," is His strong declaration.

Look for a moment at the condition of things that has led to this disparagement of the great boon of life. The feverish heat of business, making it, as an eminent writer has said, "a game of chance rather than of skill." See how men rush off in the early morning to catch the train, and are whirled to their offices and counting-rooms amid cinders and dust and noise, and with the speed of the wind. See how they are absorbed all day, and are whirled back again to their homes at night, tired, excited, anxious; too tired, too anxious, for any quiet enjoyment of home. Is it any wonder that when they find they have risked all, and all is gone, they have no longer any pleasure in life? They have narrowed life down to a single point, the point is broken, and now they think there is nothing left to care for. Do they not forget that life consists not in what a man has, but in what he is?

Then look at the large class of women who live in idleness, selfishness, and luxury. They are tired of society, tired of novels, tired of their idleness; yet, with no sense of life's duties and responsibilities, feeling that life is wearisome and aimless, they have no pleasure in it. But they forget that life is not one long holiday. A woman's life should never be aimless nor selfish. Though she may be fitted for no career of art or of literature, there are always the sweet ministrations and gentle courtesies by which she may give an ever fresh delight to her own home, or make glad the hearts and homes of many who are desolate. Is not this a high vocation? Is not this something to live for? "The poor ye have always with you." Why? Is it not for mutual help and sympathy, each to help the other to become like the Master? The rich need the poor to teach them the true uses of life. The poor need the rich to lighten their burdens, and to make their present life a joy, inasmuch as it is only the vestibule to the higher life beyond, which is the inheritance of all. We are all alike waiting. There is no difference in this. The rich and the favored, who seem to be nearest the door, have no better chance than those who are far outside in the crowd. Possibly not so good, for Christ said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God."

There is another large class of men and women who regard life as a grievous burden, which they would be only too glad to lay down, were it in their own power. They are those who have suffered, through whose souls a sword has pierced, who, by disappointment or neglect, or other's sin, have been crushed; and when such say it were better if they had never been born, we cannot so much wonder, though we are stirred with the deepest pity. But they do not consider that trials and disappointments, however and through whomsoever they may come, are but as the rain that waters the earth, or as the fire that refines the gold. There could never be a rainbow were there not first a cloud, and then the melting of the cloud, and then the sun shining through the drops. So there can never be a perfect character without first the trial, and then the softening, and then the shining through of the Spirit of God. A perfect rainbow we rarely see. Often it is only a little piece, a tiny arc of the great circle, and often the colors are dim. Even when in its full beauty and perfection, it is only a half circle. So it may be with the character formed by trial. It is imperfect; slowly ripening; at best only half-developed; but in the risen life hereafter there will be a full and rounded out development; a character glorified. On the Mount of Transfiguration, the three favored disciples had a glimpse of the beatific vision. Was it only for them; only for that little moment? Was it not rather to allure all souls heavenward? It was just the lifting of the veil to give comfort and courage to the hopeless. Holiness will transfigure the darkest life.

Life is the title-deed to immortality. True it is a battle—often a hand-to-hand fight—with temptation. But the deeper the conflict the higher the victory. Look at the athlete, lithe and graceful of limb, faultless in figure: how he delights in the performance of his marvellous feats, and what hardships he will endure to acquire the requisite physical skill and strength! The man of genius or of science: how he, too, labors to produce some wonderful work of art, or to accomplish some brilliant achievement in science! Day and night, for months and years, men toil to attain some great eminence; and, because so many fail, does it follow that all is of no avail, that life is naught? By no means.

Surely it is better to strive and fail, than never to strive at all. What is failure? It is God's opportunity. Every life is made up of failures, and every failure may be another round of the ladder by which we mount up to heaven. Let us bless God then for our creation! He created man for eternal blessedness, and for His own glory.

A sculptor takes a block of marble, and with chisel and hammer he cuts and fashions it. He deals blow after blow, and patiently works, till there stands before him a beautiful figure—the embodiment of his ideal. He cannot breathe into it life; but, in its grace and expression and wondrous beauty, he has breathed upon it his own spirit; and in its perfection the artist not only experiences an unutterable joy, but he feels that a glory has fallen upon him. God is the Divine Artist. But it is not a block of marble upon which He works, it is a living human soul of infinite possibilities. The perfection of God's work is only accomplished through the coöperation of the being upon whom He has breathed His own spirit, and to whom He has given His own image. The soul that thus coöperates with its Maker, earnestly striving for its own perfection, letting the will of God be done in it and by it, has learned the true secret of life, with all its grand and noble uses.

Who has not, in some glad moment, abandoned himself to the mere joy of existence? Who has not felt that it was a great happiness, out in the summer sunshine, to revel in the sweets of nature and the delights of love? Who has not at some time, at the fulfilment of some cherished desire, or the realization of some fond hope, felt a thrill of joy too deep for utterance, overflowing the soul with fervent thankfulness? Remember such moments. Set them as jewels in your crown, and when dark days come and hope begins to fade, let them flash back their lustre to light up the darkness and revive the dying hope. Moments of great joy may be rare, but they are the spring-time promise of the eternal harvest. Life may be "like a dome of many-colored glass," but is the poet right when he says it "stains the bright radiance of eternity"? Oh, no. It is a very lovely veil that poetry sometimes casts over an untruth. Whatever may be the color of each individual life, it is a primary color, and as lives mingle, the colors blend in due proportion, whether it be the roseate brightness of hope, the emerald tint of joy, the cerulean hue of love, the golden gleam of peace, or the violet shade of sorrow; and all will blend together in whitest, purest light, in the unsullied "radiance of eternity," or in perfect harmony be set as "a rainbow round about the throne." Life hath great mysteries as well as great possibilities. The lightning, the cyclone, the earthquake; sin, disease, death. We comprehend them not; but could it ever be that the finite should understand the Infinite? To depreciate life is to depreciate God, the Giver of life.

"So like an angel's is our bliss
(Oh, thought to comfort and appal),
It needs must bring if used amiss,
An angel's hopeless fall."

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

This is a heart and home feast of the Church—a feast for stricken hearts and broken households. It bids us look on to the "land afar off," where they "see the King in His beauty." We have all loved and lost. It was very natural that the early Church should remember the precious saints who had died for Christ; that as the day of their martyrdom came round they should remember "it was this day they suffered." "To-day that dear Christian daughter was thrown to the lions."

Very early the Church set apart a day to remember all who wait for us in paradise. Paradise is the place where our dear Lord

went to proclaim His victory over death and sin; that place of which He said to the poor dying boy on the cross, "To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise"; the place where St. John saw redeemed souls in God's care, waiting for us to finish our course—those of whom St. Paul said, "They, without us, shall not be made perfect." The Church has not two companies. They who fight the battle here and they who serve Him there are one. Some have crossed over the Jordan, some linger yet in the wilderness, but we are one. They seem at times so near, only a veil between, we try to picture the other shore. What is the occupation of the redeemed? What will heaven be when all the ransomed reach home? What is heaven? St. John tells us of a country, which he describes in all the wrapt imagery of the eastern clime, beautiful as habitations of precious stones, as gardens which never wither, of men walking in light which is the glory of God. St. Paul, who wrote as no one else ever did write of the things of God, does not give us one word of description. He only says, "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard."

With our intense longing for deliverance from burdens and fetters, paradise and heaven will always take on for every soul the image of deliverance from its burdens. The poor weary toiler in the world's dust and smoke will think of rest from labor; the sick and sorrowful ones, whose lives are one long night of care, will think of a place where tears are wiped from all faces; the scholar, whose whole soul is busy with problems which baffle him, will rejoice in the thought of a school with God as a teacher; the weary one who groans under the infirmity of flesh and spirit, who fights and often falls wounded, will rejoice that there he, poor, scarred one, will be a conquerer through Christ. All this heaven will be; but this is not the highest bliss. The highest joy comes not of serving self, of helping self, of saving self, but in giving self for others. The Divine life is the life of our Lord, the perfect peace is His peace. The way to the cross was a way of joy for Him. His last gift was "My peace I give unto you," yet they should have tribulation. Even angels find new joys when one wanderer comes home. The true joy, the joy which lifts us to God, is in giving ourselves for others. Many a lonely missionary, like David Livingstone, has had such joy as none else can know.

Paradise is the waiting land of God's children. The joy and bliss of heaven are not only in deliverance from sin, sorrow, and suffering, but in service for others. If there are questions we cannot answer, we can leave them to God; we can know that His "mercy endureth forever"; that He is an Almighty Father; that He is as infinite in compassion as He is in power, and as infinite in pity as He is in justice; that only once does His revelation tell us that the Almighty forgets: "Their iniquities I will remember no more." We can work and pray and believe; for is not our work to hasten the time when "all things shall be placed under His feet"; when the "last enemy shall be destroyed"; when Christ shall be "all in all." Work, brothers, for the time is short. The love which goes out of self and lives for others, the love we learn of Christ, will prepare us for a country whose joy is perfect because its obedience is perfect.—*Minnesota Missionary.*

Those who are made members of Christ by Baptism, are members of the Church.

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

St. Luke iv. 16–21.

In the course of the Lord's first missionary journey through Galilee He came to Nazareth. He seems to have been well received in almost every place up to that time. This is probably the season referred to in St. Matt. iv. 17. It will be seen by verse 16 that St. Luke is careful to speak of Nazareth as the city where Jesus was brought up, and not to use any ambiguous expression which might be interpreted that He was born there. Nazareth was then a place of ill repute, as may be seen by the proverbial saying, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Jesus had dwelt there from the time of the return from Egypt till He entered upon His ministry.

"As His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day." The synagogue was not one of the original institutions of the land. It is thought to date from the time of the Babylonish captivity. At least it is from that event that the later form of the synagogue took its rise. It was in our Lord's day the established form of regular weekly worship. The great festivals, with their sacrifices, were observed only at the temple in Jerusalem. He "stood up to read." It is understood by this that He offered Himself to undertake the task of reader. The former lesson, that of the law, had already been read; this, as appears, was the second one, that from the prophets. While the other parts of the service were committed to regularly appointed officers, it appeared that any one of good character and capacity might offer himself or be selected to read the lesson for the day.

Of course Jesus was well known to all the townspeople of Nazareth, but the fame of His teaching and miracles had doubtless reached them. The books of the prophets were written on rolls, which were deposited in the ark behind the curtain which closed off the eastern end of the synagogue, in probable imitation of the tabernacle. Isaiah was written on a single roll. It was doubtless the Scripture appointed for the season. The name is spelt in our translation "Esaias," following the Greek, and this is the way it is always found in the New Testament. It is a matter of uncertainty whether our Lord selected the place Himself or took that at which the Scripture appointed for the day began. There are different opinions. If Jesus made the selection it shows that He in so doing assumes His place as Lord of the Sabbath. If the selection fell in this way, it shows the Divine ordering and harmony which attended Him. The words are open to either interpretation.

The place of the Scriptures read is in Isaiah lxi. 1, 2. On comparison of the two places they may appear in the English version more unlike than they really are, because of the variation in the translation. The words which St. Luke uses are nearly identical with the Septuagint version of Isaiah. Probably our Lord read the original Hebrew and then rendered it in the Aramaic, the modern Hebrew then spoken. The reading ends very strikingly with the scriptures of grace, "to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." He does not add that which follows in Isaiah, "The day of vengeance of our God." The first coming of the Gospel is always with gentle and affectionate invitation. It is only when that is disregarded that warnings and threatenings begin.

The whole quotation is full of meaning. The spirit of the Lord is undoubtedly understood here as the Holy Spirit, "who spake by the prophets." It is certain that the power of the Holy Spirit is recognized in the Old Testament, though the personality is only intimated, and not expressly declared. This place shows clearly that the Holy Spirit, by whom the prophets were inspired, is the same as the Comforter who was sent by the Lord. The words, "He hath anointed me," become, by the use of this quotation, the claim on the part of Jesus to be the Christ, the Messiah, the Anointed One. The words, "to preach the Gospel," are rendered in the translation in Isaiah, "to preach glad tidings." This should be noted, because these two phrases, "glad tidings" and "Gospel," are identical. In the Old Testament it is rendered to preach glad tidings "to the meek." Here it is "to the poor." But the same word is used in the Greek version in each place—a word which more expressly signifies "beggar," that is, one so poor as to be obliged to ask alms or aid of others. This would imply meekness or humility. The central thought is of those who are poor and know their poverty. The next clause is the same in both. To "heal the brokenhearted" and "to bind up," etc., are merely different ways of expressing the same idea. So is it with the next. "To proclaim liberty" and "to preach deliverance" are manifestly mere variations of the expression. The next clause may appear more difficult. But it must be remembered that St. Luke, writing in Greek, would use, as he has done, the Greek version of the Old Testament. The Hebrew was susceptible of a double meaning, in fact covers both meanings, release from the bondage and darkness of a prison, and relief from blindness. The last clause, "to preach the acceptable year of the Lord," is the same in both versions. The differences between the two places point to the double sense of prophecy. Isaiah has in mind the captivity of the Jewish nation in Babylon and the miseries they suffer there. The Saviour applies the same to the spiritual and greater fulfilment of the deliverance from sin.

The twentieth verse needs to be carefully examined. "He closed the book"; that is, he rolled up the roll, "and gave it to the minister." The word minister is here used in the old sense of attendant, servant; the one corresponding somewhat to the sexton, whose business it was to take care of the books and furniture of the synagogue, and to wait on the officiating rabbin. "He sat down." To sit was the attitude of a teacher with authority. Therefore "the eyes of all that were in the synagogue were fastened on Him." They looked to know what was to come next, for they perceived that He was about to offer an exposition of the Scripture just read. He does so in a manner sufficiently startling. He claims these words as applying to Himself. "This day is this scripture"—the very words just read—"fulfilled," *i. e.* completed, "in your ears." There are two points of very great importance here. One is the absolute connection of the Old Testament with the New. Here is a model of the way in which the former is to be interpreted by the latter. The other is the claim of Jesus to be the Christ, and that in Himself was realized all the force of ancient prophecy. This is the teaching of the Church in the collect for this Sunday—that "all Holy Scriptures are written for our learning." Some may seem less

important or more obscure than others, but that is only a reason for the more careful study. Especially is it to be avoided that any one part of Scripture should be taken as contradictory to any other part. The Lord, as prophet, has set the example of reconciling Scripture *with* Scripture, and of explaining Scripture *by* Scripture.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

AN ADVENT LESSON.

"If you only just would please tell us a story, Aunt Charlie."

It was such a pitiful, mournful voice that asked it, and the words came out in such a funny, emphatic fashion, that Aunt Charlie couldn't help laughing, though she shook her head and painted away faster than ever in the fading light of the dark afternoon.

It was forlorn enough in the school-room that rainy Saturday. Generally, with the crimson cloth on the table, plenty of books around, a cheerful fire blazing in the grate, and the piano open, showing its white teeth, the school-room was a very cheerful, comfortable place. But on Saturday a great sweeping, dusting, and washing of floors, drove the children out of the room in the mornings always; then the crimson cloth was folded away, the books were arranged in prim rows on the shelves, and the fire was very apt to sulk and go out for want of the children's energetic poking—making it a very forlorn kind of a room indeed. Not that the children cared at all! They were only too glad to leave the school-room to Aunt Charlie and the mice on Saturday, and go off themselves for a whole day's delight of keeping house in the barn, playing "Duck on a Rock," and "Touch the Goal," in the garden, or roaming the country for miles, if the "big boys," Tom and Fred, happened to be on a rabbit hunt and particularly good natured, keeping close at their heels all day, and coming home at night tired, muddy, and hungry enough to eat a dinner for ten girls when there were really only three of them. But such a Saturday afternoon as this! The rain-drops ran down the window-panes in quite respectably sized brooks, and pattered on the tin roof all the songs they knew about "Keeping on Forever, Never Stopping." The clouds hung black and low over the tree-tops, and the mist covered the hills, as it had ever since the children first looked out of the window in the early morning.

Then the boys had locked themselves up in their room, with a great deal of chips and litter, and something that buzzed; and no amount of coaxing could move them to open the door, though the little girls had wasted all their eloquence upon the key-hole, and even tried to look in at the crack between the door and the sill. Then, too, there was the Advent collect to be learned. Mamma had a sick headache and could not be disturbed. So the three forlorn ones retreated to the school-room, only to find their Aunt Charlie filling up their own particular spot—the west window—with her easel and paint brushes. And the collect, what Emmie called "the very longest and horridest to remember in all the Prayer Book."

"It's no use trying, I never can learn it!" Emmie had fretted. Her Prayer Book had fallen with a bounce and a tumble upon the window-sill, and her dirty fingers were tracing the rain-drop channels on the clean window-panes, while her pretty little face was screwed up into what was intended to be a tremendous frown at the pattering rain.

"Oh, Aunt Charlie, if you only *would* tell us a story! There's nothing to do, only this awful collect to learn, and the boys wont let us in. Oh, dear, I do wish it ever rained any other day in the week but Saturdays. It always rains on Saturday."

Aunt Charlie looked up then.

"*Why*, Emmie, when last Saturday you had such a splendid time taking turns riding on horseback with the boys. And the Saturday before you all went down to the city to the Aquarium. And the Saturday before that—let me see, what was it? Anyhow I'm sure it didn't rain. But now let me tell you what I'll do. If everybody has her collect perfectly by the time I've finished this flower, I'll try to think of a story, though I'm sure you've heard all mine twenty times over."

Everybody was delighted to agree to this, and for a few moments nothing was heard in the school-room but the soft swish of Aunt Charlie's brush and the loud whisper of the children as they see-sawed over their lesson.

"There," Aunt Charlie said at last, with her head on one side, as she looked at her flower, "I've finished my flower, how are the lessons?"

"Learned," answered all the little girls in a breath as they shut their Prayer Books and stood up to repeat the collect as they had been taught to do, slowly and reverently, with their hands folded behind them, standing up very straight.

"Almighty God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness and put upon us the armor of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which Thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day, when He shall come again in His glorious Majesty to judge both the quick and the dead, we may rise to the life immortal, through Him who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, now and ever. Amen."

"There," said Emmie, drawing a long breath, "I've got it *perfectly*, and Advent means coming, and casting off the works of darkness and putting on the armor of light means trying to be good. Mamma said so."

"Whose coming?" inquired Aunt Charlie.

"Christ's coming," answered Polly softly. She was leaning against the window-sill and looking with dreamy eyes off at the mist-covered hills and the driving rain.

"How do *you* suppose He'll come, Auntie? Sometimes I think perhaps it'll be one of those beautiful winter days when you can hear every sound a great way off, and the first thing we'll hear will be a trumpet. Don't you know what it says in the Bible about the trumpet's sounding? First, perhaps, the people will only think it was a trumpet here in the world, but it would keep growing louder and louder, until every one was *sure* that it was an angel. Or perhaps it'll be in the evening, one of those sunsets, don't you know, Aunt Charlie, when the little clouds are all pink, and the skies all bright golden everywhere. That gold might turn into golden chariots full of angels, some time, and then, before anybody knew it at all, it might be the end of the world."

Polly's pale cheeks were quite pink by this time, with her eager talking, while the other little girls listened wonderingly. "Polly always did think such queer things," they thought, but Aunt Charlie answered:

"I know, dear, I've often wondered too, just as you do. When I was a little girl, I used to think then that Christ's second coming would be in a thunder-storm, and used to listen between the crashes of thunder for the sound of the great trumpet. But it would be a great deal better for me and for you, dear, if instead of wondering about something we can never know about, to *get ready* for it, to try hard to think right thoughts, and to do right things, so that *we'll* be ready any way.

"Suppose I tell you a story that may teach you a little bit of something about Advent. Are you all ready to listen?"

So the four curled up on the broad west window-sill; Aunt Charlie with her eyes on the driving rain, and with Emmie's curly head in her lap, and Polly and Amy twisted up together in what Tom called one of their favorite bunches.

"Once upon a time," Aunt Charlie began, "there lived a little girl whose name was—why children, what do you think? her name was *Charlie*, and she lived with her mother and baby brother Bertie at her grandmother's house, in an old, old house in an old, old town very near the ocean.

"Charlie's father was a sea captain, and his beautiful ship had been all around the world on a four years' voyage since he had seen Charlie. As for Bertie, why his father had never seen him at all, though he was very nearly four years old and beginning to talk about the time when he could wear pantaloons. Charlie was seven now; she was only three when her father sailed on his long voyage, but her mother had talked about it so often that the little girl was sure she could remember going on ship-board the day the vessel had sailed, that she remembered the tall masts and white sails, the blue-shirted sailors and their dizzy scamperings overhead among the ropes of the rigging, and most of all, the long brown beard that had scratched her cheeks, and the deep voice that had said over and over again, 'God bless my little girl, and keep her a good child, and safe and well, until I see her again!'

"But that sad day was four years ago now. Charlie wore blue merino dresses and white aprons now instead of very short white ones, socks and slippers. She knew her multiplication table, and had quite a pile of patchwork squares towards the quilt she was piecing under her grandmother's careful eyes. She had read 'Grimm's Fairy Tales' through twice, besides 'Alice in Wonderland,' all by herself. Just at this moment she was reading her favorite chapter of how Alice called out to the rabbit when she was squeezed so tightly in his house, and frightened him into falling on the cucumber glasses under the window, when upstairs in her mother's room she heard a glad little cry, and in a moment her pretty mother came lightly into the room, and catching the little girl in her arms danced about the room with her, saying between her tears and gay little laughs, 'He's coming, Charlie; dear papa's coming home! He's on his way home now!'

"It was ship letter day. Charlie had known that, for hadn't she seen her mother run down to meet the postman and come smiling up the garden walk with the precious letter covered with queer foreign marks and stamps. Then she had shut herself up in her room to read it all by herself for the first time, and then had come the gay little dance around the room until it was interrupted by a very surprised voice saying, "Why, Alice, what *is* the matter? What an example to set the child!' And

there was grandma herself, standing looking very much astonished. Then the three sat down on a sofa together, and mamma read them scraps of her precious letter.

"'I shall be home,' he says, 'in a very few weeks after this letter reaches you. Tell my

BERTIE CAME INTO THE ROOM.

little girl that I hope to find her as good and gentle, as loving a little child as she was when I sailed away.'

"Charlie hung her head when both mamma and grandma looked at her, for *she* remembered and was very sure *they* did, a great deal of whining and storms of temper, plenty of selfishness with the baby brother, that would not sound at all either kind or gentle if papa heard about it.

"'Whistle the south wind as hard as you can, so it will blow me home,' says papa. 'I shall surprise you all. Walk in some time when you don't expect me, so watch!'

"'I'm going to try,' Charlie whispered to her mother when she came in to kiss her good-night,—'I'm going to try every day not to mind when Bertie wants my paints, or grandma says I must sew, and I'm going to try just as hard as I can not to get angry. Do you suppose I can get to be just a little bit good and gentle by the time papa gets home?'

"'Ask God to help you ever so many times a day, dear, and I'm sure He will,' her mother whispered.

"So the little girl used to slip in to the nursery very often and kneel down by her bed while she asked God to help her, and I'm sure He did.

"One day Bertie came into the room and found her kneeling down, and with his finger in his mouth backed slowly out until he reached the door-sill until she had finished. Then he said, 'Charlie, are you going to bed? You did say your prayers when you got up.'

"'No,' said Charlie, 'I'm asking God to make me good, because papa's coming home.'

"'Baby, too,' said Bertie.

"So every day the baby's little feet pattered upstairs after Charlie, and kneeling down beside her, the little voice would whisper: 'God bless papa and make me a good baby. Namen.'

"The weeks slipped away, while Charlie and the baby were trying to be good. Somehow, very slowly it seemed to Charlie, but slip away they did, and at last the time came when the whole house was put in beautiful order, and all the nicest flowers were coaxed to blossom; while the little girl's mother hurried to finish some dainty new dresses for the two children, and even laid them out on the bed in one of the spare rooms, new ribbons and all, that they might be all ready to slip the children into when their father *did* come.

"Every day mamma and Charlie climbed the stairs of the tower and looked out of the highest window of all to see which way the tallest weather-vane was pointing, and whenever the wind blew from the south, how happy they all were! Charlie spent half her time sitting on the gate-post, where she could see farthest down the road, and baby relieved guard by spending many of the long summer afternoons in his rocking-horse chair on the piazza. Everybody and everything about the house, from mamma herself down to Toby the cat, were always watching and waiting.

"'How do you think papa will come?' Charlie's mother used to say to the little girl when the little girl was curled up on the bed beside her for their very-early-in-the-morning's talk. 'Sometimes I think it will be very early in the morning before any of us are up, and that the very first thing you know, some one will snatch you up out of your warm nest in a great hug, or perhaps that it will be just when you children are going to bed that there will be a rush and a shout in the lower hall, and never wait for the new dress *then*, Charlie, or the ribbons either. Father would only care about his little girl. Oh dearie, dearie, when *shall* we have him home again?'

"'I tell you what *I* think, mamma; I guess he'll come some time when we're at supper. The front door'll open and we'll hear a long sword bumping on the hall floor, and then some one will walk in all dressed in blue, with lots of gold trimming, just like the officers in the navy-yard, with a tall hat and a long white feather, and *you'll* give a little scream, and I'll give a little scream, and we'll all scream because it will be papa!'

"How Charlie's mother laughed!

"The baby thought very much as Charlie did that their father was sure to come with plenty of gold lace to dazzle their eyes, and a clanking sword to lend his son for a hobby-horse; but baby made him more elegant still, with a prancing steed to cut capers all the way up the carriage-drive, and a 'very great many sailors to carry his trunks full of presents in.

"WILL YOU TELL ME YOUR NAME?"

"So every one planned, watched, and waited, each one trying to get ready for him in their own fashion. And the time for the sea captain's coming drew very near. September and October had slipped away, and in the pleasant November afternoons the baby still rocked on the piazza, and Charlie, from her airy perch of the gate-post, still peered anxiously down the road.

"'This time next week I hope papa'll be here,' the children's mother had said with a little sigh one soft November afternoon, as she started off with grandma for their drive. The baby had rocked himself asleep, and been carried off for his nap. Charlie sat on her light-house, as they had all named the gate-post; and then, as there was nothing to be seen up or down the road, had slipped down to give her kitten a saucer of milk, and play a game of croquet all by herself. That wasn't very much fun, so after knocking the balls around for a while, Charlie wandered into the hall; and then as the house was so very quiet, and no one, not even the dog, was ready to play with her, wandered into the parlor to look for 'Alice in Wonderland,' and was very much surprised to find sitting by the table a very quiet, grave-looking brown gentleman, who held his hat in one hand and his stick in the other, and who gave a little start, and smiled pleasantly as the little girl saw him.

"'Your mamma is out, the servant tells me, my dear. Will you come and tell me what your name is?'

"'Charlotte Anthony Denham, sir,' she said, blushing and dimpling all over her pretty face.

"'And your father is a sea captain?'

"'Yes, sir,' answered Charlie, opening her blue eyes very wide, wondering how the strange gentleman should know about her father. 'But,' she went on, 'he's coming home, and we're'——

"But Charlie never finished that sentence, for somebody did give a little scream, and her mother flew past her, as the strange gentleman dropped his hat and stick and caught her in his arms.

"For—had you guessed, dears?—it was Charlie's father. He had come when no one was expecting him, and not at all as every one had expected to see him. Neither early in the morning, nor in the evening. There was no blue uniform, gold lace, or clanking sword about him; but a tall gentleman in very plain clothes had slipped into the parlor in the quiet afternoon time, and lo and behold it was Charlie's father!

"That is the all of Charlie's story. Her father never went to sea again, and they were a very happy family after that as long as Charlie's dear mother lived. And Charlie never has forgotten when the Advent season comes around, and that dear mother the Church warns all her children to watch and make ready for the dear Lord's coming, how *she* watched and waited for her earthly father's coming, and planned and watched only to be surprised at last.

"And so Emmie, Polly, and Amy, dears, all of you, that is how the second coming of the dear Lord will be,—'in an hour that we know not of,' the Bible says. May He find you and me, and all His children ready to meet Him!"

Our Lord said that he who did an act of goodness to the least of His brethren did it unto Him.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY F.

Holy Jesus, who didst come
As a child, to earthly home,
Now from Thy bright throne above
Bless all children with Thy love.

Some poor little ones of Thine
Freeze with cold, with hunger pine;
To them now Thine aid afford,
Feed them, clothe them, gracious Lord.

Some on beds of sickness lie;
Look on them with pitying eye;
Soothe their pains, their weakness cure,
Give them patience to endure.

Some throughout the long, long day
Work and toil, and never play;
Cheer them with Thy loving care,
Give them strength their cross to bear.

All the orphans deign to bless,
Father of the fatherless;
In the wide world, if they roam,
Give them shelter, friends, and home.

Some poor children all around
Vice and wickedness surround;
When they fall in sin, forgive,
Teach them unto Thee to live.

Some in happy homes, like me,
Every day Thy goodness see,
Give us thankful hearts to bless
Thee for all our happiness.

Give us tender hearts to know
And to feel another's woe,
In each outcast child to see
One of Thy great family.

All Thy children, rich and poor,
Need Thy goodness every hour,
Souls and bodies safe to keep
While we wake and while we sleep.

In our simple, childish way,
May we serve Thee every day;
Grant that as we grow apace,
We may grow too in Thy grace.

If Thy blessed will it be,
Soon to call us unto Thee,
Gentle Jesus, on Thy breast,
Oh, how sweet will be our rest!

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Shattuck School, Faribault, Minn.—A correspondent of one of the western journals thus describes the new cabinet of specimens recently obtained by this school, as already announced in The Churchman:

The collection of shells is gathered from regions widely separated, and include a variety of species. Here the taste that is satisfied with only the most characteristic specimens is clearly displayed; for here, perhaps, there is most need of it. Only choice representatives of the different species are admitted, and, indeed, this leading principle of the exclusion of everything not valuable in itself, by reason of rarity, or because it represents an important group, and also of the exclusion of duplicates, is a marked feature of the whole collection. In this division we are surprised at the amount of entertaining and instructive material that can be included within so comparatively small a space.

The division relating more exclusively to geological formations and including the series of fossil plants is, without doubt, the most intelligible to the amateur student of science and to the ordinary observer. The gradations of the different periods are marked, and particularly fine specimens show us the formation of the Potsdam sandstone and of the Niagara and Trenton limestone, which form so important periods in the geological history of our continent. Besides these, there are many fine isolated specimens of special formations and curious freaks of nature. Among these are some unusually large and perfect specimens of iron pyrites, stalagmites, fluorspar, and an immense quartz geode which formed part of the Iowa centennial exhibit. There is here enough material to occupy and delight, through many an hour of severer study, the enthusiastic seeker after those truths which Nature has carved upon the rocky pages of the earth, the great science primer for us all. But of especial interest is the set of fossil tree ferns from the coal measures. We have here the rough bark, the slender stems, and the delicate fronds as perfectly preserved within their strong casket as if they had been gathered only yesterday. When looking upon this vivid picture of the vegetation of a long-buried age, now presented before us in all its original perfection, it is difficult for even the most stolid or indifferent to repress a burst of that enthusiasm which has carried our great scientists on to their wonderful researches and their undying triumphs.

If, however, the scientific taste finds most to delight and satisfy it in the geological department, it is in the division devoted to corals that the general public will experience the most complete satisfaction. This part of the collection, being the special domain of the collector, may, in fact, be characterized as brilliant. The eye is at once caught and held by this fine display. Mr. Woodman has himself enthusiastically engaged in the search for specimens which would completely represent all the species of corals, and his own deep-sea dredgings have added to the rare and the beautiful here. The enormous brain coral, with its intricate windings representing the convolutions of the human brain; the delicate star coral, with its pointed rays; the labyrinthine coral, with its devious windings; the peculiar organ-pipe coral, with its rich dark color—all are represented here. Besides these, we have the branching corals in all their diversity of form, and several specimens of that curious coral, which, found only at great depths, where the pressure is immense, drift to and fro above the ocean floor, without any point of attachment, a very floating star in the firmament of the sea. Again, there are the flexible corals, which, with long, bony, whip-like branches, secrete a horny substance in their stems, and are of various beautiful hues.

St. Stephen's College, Annandale, N. Y.—The chief feature of the Convention of the Diocese of New York was the following resolution, adopted on motion of the Rev. William F. Morgan, D.D., seconded by the Rev. Morgan Dix, D.D.:

Resolved, That St. Stephen's College, Annandale, is hereby recommended to the parishes of this diocese as a most important agency in the work of theological education, and that they be earnestly requested to make an annual collection in its behalf.

This resolution was prompted by the following report, submitted in behalf of the trustees of St. Stephen's College:

It is now twenty-two years since the subject of a training college was first brought to the notice of the convention by the bishop of the diocese. Bishop Potter then said that "one of the urgent wants of the diocese is a Church training-school, to take charge of hopeful youth from a very early age, and, by faithful, intellectual, and religious culture, to prepare them for the work of the holy ministry. 'Without money and without price,' it should afford shelter and nurture to the sons of deceased clergymen; and by its economy and wise and earnest training, it should be capable of raising up men of simple habits and fervent hearts, who will shrink from no toil and from no self denial." In 1858, just twenty years ago, the bishop reported to the convention that "a promising effort to establish a training-school had been recently commenced." The next year, in 1859, the convention adopted the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That this convention hereby tender the thanks of the Church to John Bard, of Annandale, for his generous establishment and endowment of a training-school for the benefit of the diocese.

"*Resolved*, That the convention recognize the training-school at Annandale as a diocesan institution, and worthy of the confidence and patronage of Churchmen.

"*Resolved*, That the trustees of the said training-school and college be requested to make an annual report to the bishop and convention of the diocese, to be read and to be entered upon the journal of the convention."

The training-school was begun, in a most quiet and humble way, by the present Bishop of Springfield, who gathered six students in a cottage at Annandale, and prepared them for entrance into the general theological seminary. Fifteen years ago, when the present warden became the head of the college, it began to be more known, and, in consequence, to enlist more sympathy. The students then numbered eighteen. Each year the number has increased, until it has now reached eighty, all of them religious men; all but eight or ten resolved on studying for the holy ministry, and twenty of these sons

lergymen. Each year the number of applicants has n greater than could be received—a dozen or twenty n year being refused, either from want of room or t of scholarships. Eighty-five, who have received r classical training at Annandale, are now in Holy ers. Sixty-two of these have received a full col- ate education, with a bachelor's degree; forty eight alumni of the General Theological Seminary, and nty are now students of that institution. Four, o were in Orders, have died, and the other eighty- are all actively engaged in the work of the minis-

In seven years, when those now under training l have completed their course, the number of gy educated at Annandale will be increased to

he college has also fulfilled its function in another r. The bishop expressed the wish that, "by its nomy and wise and earnest training, it should be able of raising up men of simple habits and fervent rts." In this respect it stands out prominently be- the Church. Keble College, at Oxford, was partly blished to afford an education which would be in the reach of men of moderate means. And this hat St Stephen's College certainly does. Young have asked, during the present year, to transfer nselves to Annandale for this very reason. The lerate sum of $225 pays all the college bills; while healthy, religious tone does not fail to beget those its which will fit young men entering the ministry ncounter the difficulties which await them.

he college can, therefore, without presumption, nt to the work which has been done during the nty years of its existence, as fulfilling "the ur- want of the diocese, of which the bishop spoke 856.

would seem, in view of these facts, that the clergy laity of this great diocese ought to do something e than has yet been done towards redeeming the llied promises contained in the second of the three lutions adopted by the convention nineteen years . They then recognized the college "as worthy of confidence and patronage of Churchmen." The perty of the college consists wholly of real estate buildings; the original cost of which was about 0,000. There is no endowment, neither is there any t of any amount. The real want of the college at present time is provision for the salaries of the fessors. The sum charged the students maintains college without any aid. The trustees are called to provide only for the instructors. The Society the Promotion of Religion and Learning, together n two of our neighbors, has, in a large measure, erously sustained the institution, and made it for Church what it is to-day. To carry on the college from debt there are needed annually at least $4,000. hotah has, for more than thirty five years, depended he voluntary offerings sent through the mail. Is it much to expect of this diocese that it should take nterest in an institution which has been founded cherished by its bishop, and which is each year nding forth laborers into the harvest" sufficient to its existence beyond a peradventure? Is it not onable to ask that the burden, if such it is, should be thrown entirely on the twenty-four trustees? hu it not to have the means of cultivating sacred ning in such a manner and to such a degree that it l be an honor to the Church—an institution to ch it can point with some degree of satisfaction? t asking anything unreasonable when it asks of n rector in the diocese an annual collection for the ege, until it shall, by endowment, be able to take e of itself?

R. B. FAIRBAIRN,
Warden, etc.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

he Eighth Ward Mission acknowledges the follow- donations: Wheeler & Wilson, $5; James Mc- ady, $5; Mr. Housten, $5; Rogers & Brothers, ozen knives and forks; the Great American Tea mpany, 12 pounds of tea and 7 pounds of coffee; lanan & Kemp, 10 pounds of sugar; Centennial Company, 2 pounds of tea; M. H. Moses & Co., kage of tea and coffee; the Rev. H. W. Knapp, a key; Mrs. Proudfoot, a turkey and a box of canned t.

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